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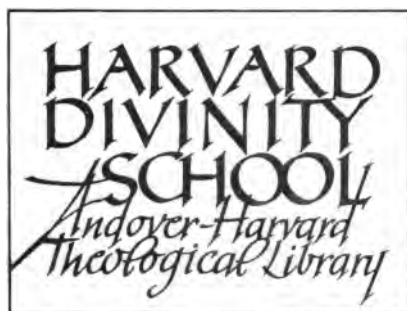
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THE  
CONVERTED COLLIER:

OR, THE

LIFE OF RICHARD WEAVER.

A BRAND PLUCKED FROM THE BURNING AND MADE INTO A  
BURNING AND SHINING LIGHT, BY WHOM GOD IS  
LEADING THOUSANDS OF THE VILEST OF SINNERS  
TO THE CROSS OF HIS DEAR SON.

BY R. C. MORGAN.

He hath put down the mighty from their seats, and exalted  
them of low degree.—LUKE 1, 52.

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## PREFACE TO AMERICAN EDITION.

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THE subject of the following sketch belongs to that remarkable class of men represented by John Bunyan, William Huntingdon, John Nelson, Benjamin Abbott, etc.; men dug out of the depths of sin and used by the Head of the Church to accomplish wonders in raising multitudes of like sinners from the same gulf. Its author in his preface says,

“To give a vivid idea of the man and his work, rather than a detail of every event of his life in the order of its occurrence, has been my object in this sketch.

“Those who are familiar with Richard Weaver and his preaching will not think any of the anecdotes here related very improbable: but some of them are so unusual as possibly to impress others with the idea of invention or exaggeration. In order to assure myself of their reality by the testimony of eye and ear witnesses, I visited Prescott, where some of the most remarkable events occurred, and there read to several Chris-



#### 4 PREFACE TO AMERICAN EDITION.

tians, of various ranks in life, that which had been written. Their common testimony was that nothing had been stated which was not true, and that indeed much more should have been said, in order to convey an accurate conception of his sojourn there.

“Objections have been raised against the publication of this narrative during the lifetime of its subject. I will not attempt to combat these. Results will justify or condemn. I will but say, that in writing it my own heart has been far more occupied with the God who thus picked up a worm and used it to thresh a mountain than with the worm itself. And while commending my dear friend, and this story of God’s dealings with him hitherto, to the prayers of all who love our Lord Jesus Christ, let me hope that they who reap will also be led to glorify ‘Him that liveth for ever, and doeth according to his will, in the army of heaven, and among the inhabitants of the earth.’”

I can readily believe this last statement. Though it may not suit the tastes of the fastidious, I am persuaded that there is that in this tract which may by God’s blessing bring many American sinners to the cross of *Jesus*.

DANIEL WISE.

# THE CONVERTED COLLIER.



## CHAPTER I.

RICHARD WEAVER was born on the 25th of June, 1827, at the little village of Asterley, nine miles from Shrewsbury. His father was a farm-laborer, an ungodly, drinking man, who walked before his children in the road to hell, and bitterly opposed his pious wife in her endeavors to lead them in the way of holiness. This ill-assorted couple had four children, all sons, of whom Richard was the youngest. His eldest brother, John, about fourteen years older than himself, still works in the Shropshire collieries. George, the second son, Richard's senior by eleven years, is a local preacher among the Primitive Methodists. We shall have occasion again to refer to him in the course of the present narrative. The remaining brother,

Thomas, was killed by one of those accidents which are so frequent in the collieries.

We have seldom heard Richard Weaver preach without some affectionate allusion to his praying mother, the old woman in Shropshire, whose loving heart ever yearned over her prodigal boy ; who tenderly nursed him in infancy ; taught him in childhood of the Holy One who came down from heaven, and became a child for children's sake ; warned, counseled, pleaded with him, as growing up into manhood he forgot her instruction and laughed at her reproof ; and with the tenacity of a mother's love, prayed for him still when he had cut himself adrift from his best earthly friend, leaving his home and her without one parting kiss or one word of kind farewell.

Looking back upon these early days, Richard says : " I could tell some sad tales of sorrow that I witnessed when quite a child. Many a time have I clung to my mother, and cried to my drunken father, ' Don't kill my mother ! ' Yes, I think as I write this of the days of my childhood, when the praying mother has been down on her knees asking God to help her in her distress ! My *oldest* brother was always kind to her. The

Lord reward him ! But we others were a burden to her night and day. She told her Father in heaven all her sorrows and our sins."

The first hymn she taught her lad, and which we doubt not he, for her dear sake, has in turn taught to his little boy, was this :

"Happy the child whose tender years  
Receive instruction well ;  
Who shuns the sinner's path, and fears  
The road that leads to hell."

"How her face beamed with joy when she took me to a friend's house," says Richard, who, being her youngest, perhaps was her favorite child, "and put me to stand on a chair to say that hymn ! The soft kiss from her lips on my cheek, and a short prayer heaved to God from her heart, 'The Lord bless my boy !' I shall never forget."

Nor were these motherly instructions in vain even then. Through them the Spirit of God often spoke to his soul ; and though the whisper of the Holy Dove was quenched by the chattering of the unclean and hateful birds of which his heart too soon became the cage, yet the almighty "still small voice" would ever and again woo him for a while to

holier thoughts, and awaken in his breast desires after God.

One day, in the coalpit, when a little boy, while pushing a wagon along the rail, something angered him, and he uttered an oath. It was his first oath; and hardly were the words spoken before he was shocked at his own wickedness, and dropped on his knees at the end of the wagon and prayed for pardon, promising that, if the Lord would spare him till he became a man, he would begin to serve him. The reason why he did not at once resolve to turn to God was, that he thought the boys who cursed and swore got on better than he who, up to this time, had feared an oath. It is a terrible thing to trifle with eternal things. God might justly have smitten him in the utterance of that blasphemous prayer. But these times of his ignorance God winked at; though from that moment, as he did not like to retain God in his knowledge, God gave him over to a reprobate mind, to do those things which are not convenient. From that hour Richard Weaver dates the commencement of a life of ever-increasing ungodliness and profanity, which would have landed him in a drunkard's grave, and ushered him into a terrible

eternity, but that the Lord had mercy upon him.

“My poor old mother soon found a change in me,” he says, “and when she knew her boy was beginning to lie and swear, I thought it would have broken her heart. At night, when I went to rest, she watched, and seeing I got into bed without praying she came and fell down on her knees by the bedside, and pleaded with God to have mercy on her boy. I remember that I used to leave my work and go into the fields, and she has followed me for hours in a day, entreating me, with tears, to be a good boy ; but all to no purpose, my heart was steeled against her counsel.”

Having thus begun to walk in the counsel of the ungodly, the next step was quickly taken, and he stood in the way of sinners. As he grew up he increased in wickedness. While yet a youth he took to drinking and fighting with other lads, began to frequent balls and dances, and often spent his nights in drunken revelry with others more wicked than himself.

About this time God saved him from a fearful death. He was standing at the mouth of a pit ; his foot slipped, and he fell over.

But He that watched Joseph in the pit took care of Richard Weaver. As he slipped down he instinctively clutched the rails of the tramway over the pit, and there he hung with a hundred yards of empty air beneath him. He truly says, "if I had fallen, I must have been dashed to pieces, and my soul to hell." But his cries brought a man to his rescue, and his life was saved. Yet though he had cried out in terror for fear of the double death of body and soul, this merciful escape produced no lasting impression.

He was fast becoming a diligent servant of Satan; spending night after night at the ale-house among men many years his seniors, who encouraged him in lying and swearing, and applauded him with "Well done, young Weaver!" when he had sung a song; for the singing which has now been consecrated to God's glory was first exercised in such unhallowed scenes as these. We find him, in his preaching, frequently alluding to those days in some such way as this:

"The ransomed of the Lord are a singing people, and the way to Zion is a singing way—"They shall return to Zion with songs." I was always fond of singing; I believe I *was born singing*. But the songs I used to

sing are not the songs I love now. I remember when 'Old dog Tray' and 'Britons never shall be slaves' used to be my songs. O, my dear men, you sing,

" 'Britons never, never shall be slaves,'

what slaves you are to your own lusts, to the devil, to the landlord! I used to sing

" 'We wont go home till morning.'

The landlady loves to hear that. I've sung that five nights together, and spent fourteen pounds on one spree, and got turned out at the end, and she wouldn't trust me for a sixpence. But I've learned better songs than those. I'll tell you some I love now. Here's one :

" 'O happy day that fixed my choice  
On Thee, my Saviour and my God :  
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,  
And tell its raptures all abroad.'

And here's another—

" 'There is a fountain filled with blood,  
Drawn from Immanuel's veins ;  
And sinners plunged beneath that flood  
Lose all their guilty stains.  
I do believe, I will believe,  
That Jesus died for me,  
That on the cross he shed his blood,  
From sin to set me free.' "



One scene has enduringly fixed itself upon Richard's remembrance, causing him poignant remorse whenever it recurs to his mind. He had been spending the night in noisy revelry at one of the hell-houses (as he now calls the beer-shops and gin-palaces,) and there had had a quarrel with a companion, which ended as usual in a fight. With bruised and bleeding face he reached home as the day was breaking; and the first sound that fell upon his ears was the faithful mother praying God to save her son. This hurt him more, he says, than the blows he had received in the fight; it came home to his heart. As soon as his knock was heard, the poor old woman ran to the door, and the eyes that had been weeping in prayer for him were greeted by his disfigured and drunken face. When she had given him a chair, and washed away the dirt and blood, and ministered to him as he needed, she knelt down and prayed again that God, for the sake of Christ, would save her boy; and pleaded with the lad himself that "God so loved the world, that he gave his only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on him should not perish, but have everlasting *life*." But while she prayed the lad cursed,

swearing that he would murder her if she did not leave off praying and preaching to him. He went up to bed, but the mother's love constrained her to follow him; and kneeling down by his bedside, again she poured out the abundance of her complaint and grief before her heavenly Father. But no comforting human voice said to her, "Go in peace; and the God of Israel grant thee thy petition that thou hast asked of him." Far otherwise; her reprobate son in a rage sprang out of bed, and grasping her gray hair, shook her while on her knees. She took hold of his arm with her trembling hands, and said, "This is hard work, Lord, to nurse and watch our children till they begin to be men, and then to hear them say that they will murder us for asking thee to save them. But though thou slay me, yet will I trust in thee." And then turning to her son, she said, "I will never give thee up."

"Can a mother forget her sucking child, that she should not have compassion on the son of her womb? Yea, she may forget, yet will I not forget thee. Behold, I have graven thee upon the palms of my hands." Blessed be the loving Father, for a mother's

love to teach us the quality of his own. Blessed be his name that even *that* falls infinitely short of the eternal love which cannot fail while God endures, for "God *is* love."

Soon after this he became discontented at home. Perhaps the tears and prayers of his mother made him uneasy; though, truth to say, he loved her so little, or his passion so got the better of his love, that on another occasion he smote her to the ground. He determined to leave Asterley, and having made arrangements with another young man, they ran away from home, taking with them some money which their parents had given them to pay their subscriptions to the Odd Fellows' Club, of which they were members. Richard's three brothers were at this time working at Biddulph, in Staffordshire. Thither he and his companion went, and there he flung the reins on the neck of his sins; and, by drunkenness, gambling, fighting, and debauchery, in the company of the most debased and profligate men and women, was borne madly and furiously on the highway to perdition.

Yet a seed had been sown which the Spirit of Holiness watched and fostered. Those old words listened to at home had a

life in them, and again and again came back to his remembrance. Often did Richard weep in secret and resolve to be better : but it was Ephraim's goodness, like the early dew, and soon passed away. Many a time did God's Spirit move upon the dark waters of his soul, and alternating with the lash of remorse would come recollections of less guilty days, awakened by the letters from the old mother at home, ever assuring him that, come what might, she would never cease praying for her boy.

Leaving Biddulph, after a while he removed to another town in Staffordshire, where, to use his own expression, he ripened fast for hell. The taproom, the boxing-saloon, and the brothel, were his resort ; thieves, harlots, and blacklegs, his boon companions ; gambling, fighting, drinking, and debauchery, his daily occupations. Not without reason does he often sing :

“O'er ruin's brink I almost fell ;  
Glory to God, I'm out of hell.”

But while he devoured his living with harlots, the praying mother was still found, late and early, wrestling with God for her husband and her children. Thank God for a

praying mother! And not only did she pray to God, but she wrote again and again to her thankless prodigal. One day he sat in his accustomed place, the public house, and a letter came to him. A companion read it; and there were the same old words, "I will never give thee up, my child,"—words learned, dear soul, from her own Heavenly Father: "How shall I give thee up, Ephraim? how shall I deliver thee over, Israel? How shall I make thee as Admah? how shall I set thee as Zeboim? Mine heart is turned within me; my repentings are kindled together."

After the young man had read it, Richard wanted to burn it. "Nay, it will never do to burn the praying mother's letter," he replied; and with tears he added, "I wish I had a praying mother, I wish my mother was alive now. Her last word was, 'Samuel, will you meet me in heaven?' And, by the help of God," he cried, "I will meet her in heaven." That was the turning-point in his career; the Spirit of God strove with him, and gave him no peace until he laid his weary head upon the Saviour's breast. Richard subsequently heard of him, that he died full of faith and joy in the Holy Ghost.

You may picture to yourself a young man, with bloodshot eyes, a burning brow, and bloated cheeks; with a dry tongue and parched lips; with troubled heart and down-cast look; just risen from his bed, after frightful dreams of the infernal pit, and devils saying to him, "Thou art too bad to live; thy character is blasted, thy home deserted, thy constitution broken, and every one frowning upon thee. Put an end to thy life."

Such are his recollections of himself at the age of twenty-four. Driven and tossed by the waves of these fierce temptations, writhing under the stings of an accusing conscience, ashamed to be seen in the streets with a drunkard's heavy head and empty purse, he rushed up stairs, determined to destroy himself. Strange that a man should quail beneath the eye of man, yet rush unbidden to the judgment-seat of Him before whose eyes of fire the night shineth as the day, and who, with divine exactitude, awards to every deed its righteous recompense!

He took the razor from his box, and untied his neckerchief; then tried to chalk upon the floor (he could not write) some

message to his landlady. While sharpening the instrument of death, a voice came to him, "Remember that old woman that cried in her prayer, 'Lord, save my lad.'"

"What will she say," he thought, "when she hears of my sending my soul into eternity before its time?"

That was the Spirit's whisper, and it was with power. Casting aside the razor, he ran down stairs, and told his landlady what he had been tempted to do. She threw up her hands in fear; and, though not a godly woman, cried,

"The Lord have mercy upon thee!"

He began to wring his hands, and curse the day that he was born; but she said,

"Lord bless thee, lad; thank God, thou'rt yet alive. There's hope for thee yet."

And so he was saved from self-destruction.

But that interposition of God's restraining mercy had no lasting influence upon the mind of the profligate. Drinking, fighting, and debauchery, still marked his downward career: and, accustomed to deeds of violence as he was, it is not perhaps very strange that though he had been preserved from shedding his own blood, he was restrained only by the same Almighty hand from tak-

ing the life of a fellow-creature. In one of his drunken fits he had quarreled with a woman who was in the same state; and determining to murder her, he tied a rope round her neck, passing the other end over a hook in the ceiling. Her cries and struggles, while he was endeavoring to sling her up to the beam, were heard by one of his companions in the house, who rushed into the room just in time to save her life.

He referred to this when addressing some fallen women at Edinburgh, at a breakfast given them by Mr. and Mrs. Radcliffe; "I know the temptation of the razor and the river. Once I would have taken the life of one like you, if I could. And I know the mercy of a praying mother, too; and shall never forget her last look when I went back to Shropshire to see her, and found her foot to foot with the last enemy. I hear her farewell yet, as it followed me down the cottage stair. She died hoping in the blood. Nought but the blood for her poor sinful son. And O, sisters, the blood, the blood, the blood for you. Yes.

" 'His blood can make the foulest clean,  
His blood availed for me.' "



## CHAPTER II.

STILL onward and downward, till he went to live with his brother George, who had by this time been plucked as a brand from the burning, and was glorifying God by a consistent life and serving him as a Primitive Methodist local preacher. Richard was now about twenty-five years of age, and "the time of the promise drew nigh."

One Wednesday night, in May, 1852, as he lay on his bed, thinking about a battle which he was to fight on the following Saturday, his brother came home from meeting; and Richard heard his wife ask what the text had been. He replied, "What then shall I do?" (Job xxxi, 14.) "I rehearsed this over in my mind," says Richard, "and I thought there must be something more than that; and I rehearsed to myself in this way, 'What then shall I do when God rises up in judgment against me?'" The Spirit of God began to operate on his mind, and he thought, "If I die now, hell will be my doom."

That was a sleepless night. The morning

brought him no comfort ; and after a weary day, and another anxious, sleepless night, he thought he would endure this no longer, but would drive away the feeling which oppressed him, and drown the memory of it in drink. He went to Congleton, four miles from Biddulph, where he lived, and got drunk. As he returned home, hell seemed to open before him, and such words as these were sounded in his ears, " Who shall dwell with everlasting burnings ? " Every step he took, he prayed for mercy and promised that if spared till morning he would decide for God.

O, the omnipotence of prayer ! That mother was still at her pleading work, watering her couch with tears. As Samuel said to Israel, so had she said over and over to her boy ; " Moreover, as for me, God forbid that I should sin against the Lord in ceasing to pray for you ; but I will teach you the right way." And now God was about to show himself a prayer-answering God.

The next morning, when the drunkenness had died out of him, Richard, still in fear of hell, went out into a field, and crept into a sand-hole, where no eye could see him but the eye of God ; and there, praying to his Father in secret, he told him all his sorrows,

confessed all his iniquities, cried to be delivered, trusted in the blood, and was made free. He was to have fought with a man that day ; but he began the day with a more terrible adversary.

“ In that sand-hole,” so he says, “ I had a battle with the devil. Christ and Satan fought it, and Christ gained the victory ; and I came off more than conqueror through Him that loved me.”

But it may be interesting to the reader to hear the freed soul tell its own story of its conflict and deliverance :

“ My body trembled from head to foot while the struggle lasted between the power of darkness and the power of light. Now where was the poor old mother all this time ? Why, she was still wrestling, as she had wrestled for five-and-twenty years ; and God had tried her long enough. ‘ Now,’ he said, ‘ praying mother, thy prayers shall be answered. Behold, he for whom thou hast prayed for five-and-twenty years is down upon his knees. I hear the sigh of his broken heart—his prayer, “ Lord save me.” ’ Yes, I knelt down and shut my eyes, saying ‘ Lord, I will never open my eyes till thou, for Christ’s sake, hast pardoned my sin.’

But unbelief said, 'You don't know whether you are elected or not.' 'Well,' I said, 'God so loved the world that he gave his only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life.' And I thought that 'whosoever' meant me. What faith was I could not tell, but I had heard it was taking God at his word; and so I took God at his word, and trusted in the finished work of my Saviour. Yes, bless God,

" 'Soon as my all I ventured  
On the atoning blood,  
The Holy Spirit entered,  
And I was born of God.'

And now, being justified by faith, I had peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ. The happiness I then enjoyed I cannot describe; my peace flowed as a river. O, thought I, what a fool I have been, these five-and-twenty years I have spent in sin!"

That conflict in the sand-pit marked, indeed, an era in his history. Then and there he passed from death to life; there and then God brought him out of darkness into his marvelous light; and from that hour he knew that he had no more to wrestle against flesh

and blood, but against principalities and powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against wicked spirits in heavenly places.

With what joy was the intelligence sent to the poor old mother, and how differently was she thought of, now that her prayer was answered, and the rebel brought into the arms of his Saviour! As soon as she received the joyful news, she went into her closet, and on her knees thanked her Father in heaven for hearing and answering her prayers. It seemed, indeed, too good to be true, and the tempter whispered doubts into her ear. But God said, "Be not faithless, but believe. The child is made whole."

Those days of first love were happy and peaceful days. The light of the glory of God, the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus his Lord, shone into his soul; and many a spot down in the dark coal-pit is sanctified in his remembrance by the Word of God and prayer; for often, while at his daily labor, would he lift up his heart to God for grace to help in time of need. And very soon did God begin to use him. One night when at work, taking off his cap, he fell on his knees and prayed. A collier in a

neighboring stall heard him groaning, as he thought, and ran to see if anything had fallen upon him; but found him asking the Lord to bless his fellow-workmen. Weaver went on in his prayer, unconscious of any one being near, and, on looking up, was surprised to find his comrade weeping at his side.

"I wish," said the poor fellow, "I could say what thou canst say, that God had pardoned my sins."

"The blood of Christ," said Richard, "was shed for thee. Only believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved."

Still weeping, he said, "Lord, save me!" and before he returned to his work, the load of sin was gone, and he rejoiced in a present salvation.

"My nights at that time," Richard says, "passed quickly, for I lost sight of myself and found Christ; I forgot all but him, and was wrapped up in his love, and my soul was led into green pastures, and lay down beside still waters."

The fruits of the Spirit were brought forth in various ways. Among others, thus: when converted, he was many pounds in debt, chiefly for drink. But now that God

had forgiven him all his debt to him, he felt that, for his glory's sake, he must pay what he owed to man ; and, accordingly, little by little, as he was able, he saved out of his earnings, and paid them all.

There were many who doubted the genuineness of his change. For although both Testaments contain abundant instances of God's grace to the worst sinners, and although Church history, by thousands of saved publicans and harlots, corroborates the fact, yet even Christians are slow of heart to believe when one whom they have accounted the vilest of the vile turns from his evil way, and God receives him to his heart and home.

One afternoon Richard went to a love-feast, intending to tell his experience, how God had pardoned his sins ; but no opportunity of doing so occurred. In the evening, however, he went to another place, and there he proclaimed what the Lord had done for his soul. Many were incredulous but some believed it ; and, best of all, he himself knew in whom he had believed, and was persuaded that he was able to keep that which he had committed unto him again that day.

When Richard was converted he had a companion, whom he asked one day to go with him to the chapel, and begin to serve God. He was a good dancer, and said,

"I am going to dance for £5 a side to-night, and if I win I shall have a good spree."

Richard replied, "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul? or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?"

The young man laughed at him, and Richard, shaking hands with him, said,

"My old companion, fare you well,  
I will not go with you to hell."

He then left him.

When he had proceeded a little distance, Richard looked round, and the young man at the same moment looked back also. Richard waved his hand for a last farewell, but has ever since regretted that he did not return to him, and again endeavor to induce him to forsake his evil ways, and give his heart to the Lord.

Three years after, Richard received a letter from this young man's mother, begging him



to go and see her son. He went, and found him on the bed of death.

"I shall never forget it," he says. "When I went to see him his mother was on her knees praying, 'Lord, save my lad,' and he was crying out, 'It is too late! It is too late! It is too late!' I told him that the door of mercy was not yet shut, and he replied, "'What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul? or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?'" Would to God I had decided on that day, but I know that eternal damnation is my doom. It is too late!' His mother cried out, 'O Richard, do pray for God to forgive and bless my child; he is dying.' He told his mother that he was damned, and said, 'Richard, pray for my poor old mother, and tell all young men you meet with to beware of dancing and the public house; but do not talk to me, it is too late.' He pushed his mother away from him, and she fell on the floor. He bid God damn his mother, and died saying, 'I am damned, I am damned!' The Lord save you mothers, and help you prodigals to decide for God. If you stop away from your Father's house you will perish. This young man had tried the world

and the devil, and you have taken a pride in sin; and his doom will be yours unless you repent. 'For all have sinned and come short of the glory of God; being justified freely by his grace, through the redemption that is in Christ Jesus; whom God hath set forth to be a propitiation, through faith in his blood.'"

For six months Richard held on his way blamelessly, suffering considerable persecution from his fellow-workmen, and from the frequenters of the public-houses which he used to haunt. But he was enabled to stand his ground. The love of God had cast out the love of sin, and he had no desire to return to his former habits. But let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall. When David, in his prosperity, said, "I shall never be moved; Lord, by thy favor thou hast made my mountain to stand strong;" in the same breath he adds, "Thou didst hide thy face, and I was troubled." So was it with our convert. Failing in his direct attacks upon himself, Satan tried him in another way. Some of the men one day, in Weaver's presence, grievously insulted a Christian young woman, a friend of his. His blood was up in a moment; and, strik-

ing out with both his fists, according to ancient custom, he fiercely avenged her of her chief assailant, and would have seriously injured him, even if he had escaped with life, had not some of those present stayed his arm.

This was the beginning of sorrows. For several months he returned to his old courses, with more abandonment than ever. Drinking and fighting, chambering and wantonness, and all his previous sins, bound him more slavishly than before. In the restlessness and bitterness of his spirit he wandered off into Lancashire, the Holy Spirit ever following him as the Lord God followed his lost child in Eden, crying, "Where art thou?" It were worse than profitless to enter into the details of those loathsome months. No man cared for his soul. He had got away from the few who knew him as a child of God: and whereas if any had lovingly wooed him back, he might very probably have returned at once; yet, with none to counsel, or reprove, or comfort him, he went on in his madness till God arrested him in a way which none but He could have devised.

Mrs. Weaver has told us that during this

sad period of his backsliding she used frequently on a Sunday morning to pass Richard among his ungodly associates. On one of these occasions a companion with whom she was going to the house of prayer said, "I would rather go a mile round than pass that man; he stares so. And yet," she added, "who knows but he thinks he ought to be going where we are going?"

This was really the case, and if any one had asked him he would thankfully have gone. How many a poor backslider may be at this hour remaining in his sin because no man careth for his soul! "They are for a prey, and none delivereth; for a spoil, and none saith, 'Restore.'" But the Lord had not forsaken him. At one time by loving persuasions, at another by terrible things in righteousness, did the Father plead with his rebellious child. His nights at this time were as dreadful as before they had been full of joy. When he said, "My bed shall comfort me; my couch shall ease my complaint," then God scared him with dreams, and terrified him through visions. One of these dreadful visitations he thus describes;

"I dreamed one night that I was dead, and that my soul was lost. At the mouth of

the bottomless pit was a door, with a great hanging lock; and I was carried to the place of torment, as I thought, by two black creatures, with my hands and feet tied. When they brought me to the mouth of the pit, a Being stood clothed in white, having a girdle round his waist, at which hung a large key; and as he spoke, I trembled from head to foot. He said, 'Put him down.' They laid me on my back; and he uncovered my breast, and said, 'Where is the robe I gave thee?' I said, 'I have lost it.' Then he took a stamp (it was red hot,) and he put it on my breast; and in a moment, in letters of fire, was branded the word 'BACKSLIDER.' Then I prayed him to forgive me; but he said, in a voice like thunder, 'It is too late now. Depart, ye cursed, into everlasting fire.' He opened the door of hell, and threw me into the infernal pit; and as I dropped among the flames, there was such a yell as I had never heard before; and all the devils, with their eyes of fire, and every damned soul, chased me through the caverns of hell, some biting me, some kicking me, others crying out, 'What made you come to torment us in these flames?' O, how I *de-  
clared*, if the Lord would deliver me from

that place, I would do anything to save others from it! But no: 'Too late!' rung in my ears; and again I thought a host of the infernal followed me through the blue flames, and overtook me, and held me with their blazing hands. Then I thought they cut my breast open, and began to pour a burning fluid into my heart. But I still cried, 'Lord, save me!' And I awoke. O what a state my body was in! I sweat till the bedclothes were wet. But I thanked God that it was only a dream."

Still he was not restored. Weeks passed away, and found him still a slave to Satan and sin. But He who prayed for Peter, and who ever liveth at the right hand of the Majesty on high, to make intercession for his brethren below, pleaded for the backslider, "Spare him yet a little longer." O the power of that glorious Intercessor! O the grace of Him with whom he intercedes! The Lord said, "How shall I pardon thee for this? Thy children have forsaken me, and sworn by them that are no gods. When I had fed them to the full, they then committed adultery, and assembled them by troops in the harlots' houses. My people are bent on backsliding from me; though

they called them to the Most High, none at all would exalt him." But Jesus pleads for his people with God, and sends his Spirit to plead with them for him. And now the Lord heard his poor backsliding child bemoaning himself: "Thou hast chastised me, and I was chastised, as a bullock unaccustomed to the yoke. Turn thou me; and I shall be turned; for thou art the Lord my God." And the Lord replied, "Ephraim is my dear son; he is a pleasant child; for since I spake against him I do earnestly remember him still. Therefore my bowels are troubled for him. I will surely have mercy upon him. I will heal his backsliding; I will love him freely; for mine anger is turned away from him."

Richard was sparring one night, in a boxing-saloon, with a black man; and, striking a tremendous blow, the blood streamed down the negro's face. At the instant, the Holy Ghost reminded him that God "giveth to all life, and breath, and all things: and hath made of one blood all nations of men, for to dwell on all the face of the earth;" "for there is no difference between the Jew and the Greek; for the same Lord over all *is rich* unto all that call upon him; for

whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved." "The blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin."

He left the room, and went to his lodgings; and there, while on his knees, the Lord fulfilled to him all his gracious promises to his backsliding people. He thus relates his experience of this restoring mercy: "I said, 'He hath both spoken unto me, and himself hath done it. O Lord, by these things men live, and in all these things is the life of my spirit; so wilt thou recover me, and make me to live. Behold, for peace I had great bitterness; but thou hast in love to my soul delivered it from the pit of corruption; for thou hast cast all my sins behind thy back.' And the Lord answered me, 'I, even I, am he that blotteth out thy transgressions for mine own sake, and will not remember thy sins.' So he put the ring on my hand, and shoes on my feet. Then I rose from my knees, after having been pleading for about four hours for the Lord to forgive me for Christ's sake. And I cried:

"'Lord, thou dost this moment save,  
And to full salvation bless;  
Redemption through thy blood I have,  
And perfect righteousness.'



“Through thy blood I have it; not through my prayers or tears, but through the precious blood of Christ.”

The next day he went to chapel, and joined the Wesleyan Society at Openshaw, near Manchester; and from that time, though with much, doubtless, to grieve over, he has walked consistently with God.

A little while after this his right hand was caught and broken by the wheel of a lorry.\* In spite of the pain, and of the fear of being unable now to earn his living, he was made to feel that it was all for the best. God spoke to his heart, “I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee;” and he felt that neither earth nor hell should draw him back from his Lord again. He was taken to the infirmary at Manchester, and was greatly tried by the fear of losing his hand altogether. He went one day to have it dressed, and the doctor, finding the inflammation very great, said he thought he should be obliged to take it off.

“Nay, I will not lose my hand,” said Weaver.

“Then it will kill you,” replied the surgeon.

\* A truck used on railways.

“ Kill me ? ”

“ Yes.”

“ Then, die or not, my hand sha’n’t be cut off,” replied the patient. “ If I die, heaven will be my home ; I don’t fear death.”

“ Don’t you ? ”

“ No ; Christ has taken away the fear of death, and I sha’n’t let you take my hand off.”

He stood while a poor fellow’s arm was amputated, but still refused to lose his own hand. The surgeon continued to dress it from day to day, and as Weaver believed, in answer to prayer, the inflammation subsided, and it began to heal. The hand remains, however, permanently and seriously injured.

## CHAPTER III.

RICHARD now began to think of settling in life ; and in January, 1853, he was married to a young woman who had been converted to God some years before, and who has always been a blessing to him, a helpmeet for him, becoming in some sort to him as a man that which his dear and faithful mother had been to him as a boy.

He often speaks with thankfulness of God's mercy in preserving him from being unequally yoked with an unbelieving wife, and reminds young men and young women of the question, full of solemn interest, "How can two walk together except they be agreed?" The only wise God commanded of old time for our learning, "Thou shalt not sow thy field with mingled seed. Thou shalt not plow with an ox and an ass together. Neither shall a garment of linen and woollen come upon thee." And more directly and explicitly in the New Testament he has said, "Be ye not unequally yoked together with unbelievers ; for what fellowship hath righteousness with unrighteousness ? and

‘what communion hath light with darkness ?  
and what concord hath Christ with Belial ?  
or what part hath he that believeth with an  
unbeliever ? ’

“Too many men,” Weaver says, “who are converted, marry unconverted women, and make their homes unhappy for life. And young women think that after they are married they shall be able to win their unconverted husbands to the Lord. But such cases are very rare. How many do I know who seemed to run well, but it was all changed when they got married to an unconverted husband.

“Dear reader, if you love Christ, let me entreat you, be advised to take care what sort of a companion you choose. Ask God about it, for I have known some young men and young women who have said, ‘O that I had never married my wife or my husband !’ And I have known some brought to their graves before their time from this cause.

“One young woman I went to see in Liverpool, and had you been with me you would have wept, as I did. There she lay on a bed, (if I may call it a bed,) a young woman, only twenty-four years of age, with a little baby on her dying arm, and a little

boy of three years crying in the desolate room. 'O my poor babes,' she exclaimed, 'what will you do now I am dying? No mother to love you, no friend to help you.' Then, looking up to heaven, she cried, 'Lord, take my children to heaven.' I broke her prayer when I said, 'Thy will be done;' and she said, 'O, sir, let me tell you my tale of sorrow.' She told me she had been brought up in the fear of God, and when she was eighteen years old, had given her heart to Christ. About this time a young man began to pay attention to her. Her father and mother many a time entreated her to give him up, being persuaded that he was not a saved man. But she thought she could influence him when she became his wife. Against her parents' wish she married him, and for a few months all went on comfortably, but after a while he began to stop away from chapel, and then he would want something done for him, just to hinder her from going. To keep quietness, as she thought, she remained at home, till she had lost all inclination to go. After a time he began to spend his nights away from home, and returned drunk, and cursed and abused her, not giving her enough to buy bread. When her first

child was born, she and the babe would have died for want if her father and mother had not cared for them.

“ ‘One night,’ she said, ‘I thought I would watch him. I followed him to a house, and what were my feelings, with the starving babe at my breast, to find him where I did. When I spoke to him he jumped up and struck me, and ordered me off. I left with a sorrowful and wounded heart; he never came home for four days, and I had to beg of the neighbors a bit of bread for myself and my child. Then I had to go to the work-house till he was made to support me, and I came out again. O, sir, I cannot tell you all I have suffered through marrying an unconverted man. Two nights after this babe was born, in the depth of winter, he turned me out in my night-dress. Yes, my husband is my murderer. Look at me, sir, twenty-four years of age, and dying, but all through being unequally yoked. And now I am dying he wants to call me his dear wife, and asks me to forgive him. But no; heaven must be blotted out before I will forgive him. No, never, never can I forgive the wretch. God forgive me, but wretch he is. Look at my two babes, and look at their dying

mother, and shall I forgive him since he has been my murderer?'

"I asked her," says our friend, "how she could expect God to forgive her if she would not forgive him. But while we were praying together in came her poor mother, and if an angel could weep he would have wept over that scene. I could not stand to see them and to hear them crying, 'O my daughter!' 'O my mother!' As I went out, the mother asked me to come again. I went, and her poor daughter lay dying. She said, 'This is through being unequally married. O, mother, that I had hearkened to you. But, mother, will you take my children and teach them to love Jesus?' 'Yes, my child, I will.' 'You will be a mother to them, wont you?'. 'Yes, my child.' The dying mother kissed her babes, and said, 'Lord, bless them,' and died. But she refused to allow her husband to come near her to the last. O be warned, dear reader; if this should be applicable to you. Be not unequally yoked together with unbelievers."

The writer is thankful to say, that while this little book has been in preparation, the *above sad story* was read to a young woman

who was in danger of thus making shipwreck of her faith and of a good conscience, and at the conclusion she said, "I'll give him up."

Soon after his marriage Weaver and his wife left Openshaw and went to New Mills, in Derbyshire, to work with his brother George. Here they joined the Primitive Methodists, his brother being, as we have said, a local preacher among them, and many a happy meeting they had with the people of that place. The work turned out unprofitably, and Richard and his wife were greatly tried; but they were growing in grace, and learning to put their trust in God for all their need. It seemed, he says, as if their heavenly Father was preparing them for some rough storm; for they were feeding on the hidden manna, and drinking of the river whose streams made glad the people of God.

One Saturday night they had neither food nor money, and knew not how they were to get their Sunday's dinner. But He that feeds the birds of the air, they thought, will feed us, and He who said, "No good thing will he withhold from them that walk uprightly," will not suffer us to want long

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for food. Having locked the door, and read a portion of God's Word and prayed, they were just retiring for the night, when they heard a rap at the door, and there stood a dear sister in Christ. She said to Mrs. Weaver,

"Sarah, I cannot go to bed without coming to ask you if you are in want of anything?"

The wife, weeping for surprise and thankfulness, could not answer, and Richard said, "Poverty is no sin, Mrs. Taylor. We have no food, nor money to buy any."

"Well," said their friend, "here is a loaf of bread and a shilling, and you can come to our house to-morrow for your dinners."

They thanked God for so speedy an answer to their cry, and lay down in peace. But before long another knock came to the door, and Richard got out of bed, and asked through the window who was there.

"Come down," said a voice, "I want you."

When he had opened the door a man's hand was put inside, and, with these words, "The Lord will provide," five shillings were dropped into his hand.

*Their hearts were greatly comforted by*

such manifest interpositions of God on their behalf, and they were able with much assurance to receive the promise, "Therefore I say unto you, whatsoever things ye desire, when ye pray, believe that ye receive them, and ye shall have them."

It was at this time he began to speak publicly. His first sermon was preached at a village in Derbyshire, from this text, "I am the way." He had found Jesus to be the way of salvation to his own soul, and he directed others to God by him.

Not being able to get sufficient work at New Mills, Richard and his brother George removed to Hyde, near Manchester. Here he found among his fellow-workmen one God-fearing soul, with whom he went to worship in a little room at Haughton Green, where he spent many happy seasons of communion with saints. Though often tried by poverty, he ever found the Lord faithful to his word of promise. But one of his greatest trials was the persecution to which he was subjected by his companions, and often the struggle between flesh and spirit was sharp and long.

While working in the coal-pit one day he heard the lad who was attending upon his

wagon cry out, "Richard, come here." He went, and found that another collier was trying to take away his tub, (a small wagon which the colliers use in turns, and to have lost which would have been so much out of his day's earnings.) "I thought," says Richard, "that God did not tell me to stand and see a man rob me. 'When a strong man armed keepeth his palace, his goods are in peace; but when a stronger than he shall come upon him and overcome him, he taketh from him all his armor wherein he trusted, and divideth his spoils.' 'Shall the prey be taken from the mighty, or the lawful captive delivered? But thus saith the Lord, Even the captives of the mighty shall be taken away, and the prey of the terrible shall be delivered; for I will contend with him that contendeth with thee, and I will save thy children; . . . and all flesh shall know that I the Lord am thy Saviour and thy Redeemer, the mighty One of Jacob.' So I told the man that God did not tell me to let him rob me. But he cursed, and swore that he would push the tub over me.

"Nay," said Weaver, "the Lord will not allow thee."

He was in a great rage, and said he would have it, and Richard said he should not. So the man got hold of the tub, and said,

“Now I will push it over thee, thou Methody devil.”

Richard stood before it, and he began to push. Then said Weaver,

“Now Lord, now devil, which is the strongest?”

So both pushed, Weaver singing:

“Jesus, the name high over all,  
In hell, or earth or sky:  
Angels and men before it fall,  
And devils fear and fly.”

“And the Lord and I being stronger than he and the devil, he had to get out of the way and let me have my own,” says Weaver; “so I gave the tub to my boy.”

Then the collier said, “I’ve a good mind to smack thee in the face.”

“If that will do thee any good,” Weaver replied, “thou canst do it.”

And as he turned his cheek, the other struck him. Richard turned the other cheek, and he struck him again and again, five times. The sixth time the collier turned from him with a curse. But Weaver prayed,

"Lord, forgive him, for thou knowest I do. Lord save him."

This happened on Saturday night; and when he had done work and went home, his wife asked him what was the matter with his face. As he told her, he saw that she feared lest he had struck again. But the Lord had preserved him, for he was at this time seeking to bring others to Christ, and was keeping guard over his own heart.

He had a good day on the Sunday; some of the scholars in his class found peace in Jesus. When Monday came, the devil tempted him as he went to his work to regret not having thrashed the man who interfered with him on Saturday, and told him that the other men would laugh at him, and call him a fool. But he cried, "Get thee behind me, Satan," and went on his way, strong in the grace that is in Christ Jesus. When he arrived at the coal-pit, the first person he saw was the man about whom he had just been thinking. Richard bid him "Good morning!" but got no reply. The man went down first, and Weaver followed; but what was his surprise when he reached the bottom to find his antagonist sitting down and wait-

ing for him. As soon as he got to him the poor fellow burst into weeping, saying,

"Richard, will you forgive me for striking you?"

"I have forgiven thee," said Weaver; "ask God to forgive thee. The Lord bless thee."

Richard gave him his hand, and they each went to their work. But after a while our friend heard some one coming along the road toward him, and sobbing as he came. It was this poor man; he could not rest till he felt he was forgiven. He said he had had no rest since Saturday. He had sent his wife to Richard's house on the Sunday, intending to come and ask forgiveness, but he was out. "O Richard, do you forgive me?" he said.

"Yes," replied Weaver; "the Lord bless thee. Let us kneel down and ask God to forgive thee."

They got down on their knees, and the Lord was with them in the coal-pit; he wounded and he healed, and the man who came weeping went back rejoicing, saying, "I am happy now in Jesus. Glory to God and the Lamb for ever."

Weaver writes: "How that poor man

prayed ! and I had every reason to believe that he was saved."

May the Lord give grace to his servant always thus to heap coals of fire on an enemy's head, like the almighty man Christ Jesus, who

"Trode all his foes beneath his feet,  
By being trodden down."

Though often assailed by temptations to doubt and fear, God still preserved his child. Sometimes he would cry out, "I shall never reach my journey's end ;" but while Satan thus perplexed and buffeted him, the Spirit was ever near to strengthen him with such a word as this, "My Father who gave them me is greater than all, and none is able to pluck them out of my Father's hand."

About this time he had a severe illness, in which his life was almost despaired of ; but God had work for him to do, and raised him up to do it. On his recovery, he endeavored more earnestly than ever to win souls. With other colliers who had obtained the like precious faith, he held meetings from house to house every night, after leaving work in the coal-pit. Richard was the only one of them who could read, though very imperfectly, and he was generally the preacher.

Their humble efforts were richly blessed, and the Lord prospered the work. "They were not," he says, "fishermen from the sea; but colliers from the coal-pit, with black faces, but hearts made clean through the blood of the Lamb."

One time he was sent for to visit a sick woman, whose case the doctor had pronounced hopeless. A brother went with him, and they talked to her, and sang that sweet hymn,

"I'll praise my Maker while I've breath,  
And when my voice is lost in death  
Praise shall employ my nobler powers;  
My days of praise shall ne'er be past  
While life, and thought, and being last,  
Or immortality endures."

While they were praying God answered, and healed the woman both body and soul, for she cried out, "The Lord hath made me whole." She was cured that hour, and still lives to bear witness to the Lord's faithfulness to the promise of his Son, that "Whatsoever two of you shall agree to ask in my name, it shall be done for you of my Father who is in heaven."

Two laborers for Christ, whose names have since become better known, Edward



Usher and John Hambleton, came to sell Bibles at Hyde market every Saturday night. Richard, who lived now at Haughton green, about a mile from Hyde, had to go there to buy food for the week, and, as he heard these two brothers speaking of Jesus, he stood to listen. When they had done he thought they looked tired, so he asked if they should sing. They very heartily consented, and Weaver and his companions sang,

“Saw ye my Saviour?  
Saw ye my Saviour and God?  
He died on Calvary  
To atone for you and me,  
And to purchase our pardon with blood.”

After this they joined them every Saturday night, and the power of God rested on the people, and many were reconciled to God. Usher and Hambleton announced that an open-air meeting would be held on the Good Friday following, at which Mr. Reginald Radcliffe, of Liverpool, would preach. Five or six thousand people assembled, among whom was Richard Weaver, looking out for this lawyer from Liverpool, as they called Mr. Radcliffe. But they were disappointed, as he had been unable to attend. One of the *brethren* in the wagon from which they

spoke espied Weaver, and beckoned him up. He expected they wanted him to help them to sing, but they gave out that the collier would speak to them. He had never spoken before so many ; but, looking up to God for help, he told them what Christ had done for the wretched Richard Weaver, and said that He who had saved him could and would save them if they would listen to his voice. There was a blessed meeting, and ground was broken up which has since yielded a rich harvest of saved souls.

Usher and Hambleton were called to labor in another town, and Richard was asked to take their place at the Bible-stall on Saturday night. So after he had done work he went, though it was no little trial to endure the scoffs and sneers of his fellow-workmen as they passed to the public-house. But he determined not to be ashamed of Jesus and his gospel, which had been the power of God to his salvation. Among others was an infidel collier, who came to laugh at him. But God's word, "He that being often reproved hardeneth his neck, shall suddenly be destroyed, and that without remedy," received a terrible illustration in this man. On Monday, when he went to his work, he

said he had heard Weaver say that before next Saturday night some one there would be dead, and if not in Christ would be damned. He said he would take notice, and if there was no one dead, he would go and tell Weaver that he was a liar. The man to whom he spoke said it might be himself; but he replied,

“No danger; I shall live to be an old man.”

He died that day!

Shortly after this, Weaver met Mr. Radcliffe at a large public prayer-meeting at Hyde. After prayer, the whole assembly, at Mr. Radcliffe's suggestion, went through the town singing hymns, and speaking to the people about Jesus. They then returned to the room, which was filled to overflowing, and many professed to find the Saviour.

Mr. Radcliffe took Weaver to sup with him at the house of Mr. Street, the gentleman who had asked him to occupy the place of the Bible-sellers in the market-place on Saturday night, and who now asked Mr. Radcliffe if he would give Weaver a week's lodging if he came to Liverpool.

“O yes, a month,” replied Mr. Radcliffe, “if he will come.”

No more was said, and Richard went home. The following Saturday night found him at his post at the Bible-stall. A young man came from Mr. Radcliffe to fetch him to go to Chester races. Weaver demurred. A variety of objections arose in his mind ; but they were all met, and his employer consented to let him go at once. Still he felt uncertain whether the Lord had called him to leave his occupation and go out to preach. He therefore took his Bible, and determined that if on opening it his eye fell on any passage which indicated that he was to go, he would go ; but if otherwise, he would remain. He opened the book and his eye caught that verse, "I have been young and now am old, yet have I not seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging bread." He said, "That is enough, Lord ; I will go."

## CHAPTER IV.

THE way having been thus made plain, Weaver obtained his employer's consent for a month's absence from his work. This was in April, 1856, and since that time he has been engaged, not in digging out blocks of coal from the bowels of the earth, but in digging sinners of the blackest dye from the pit of infamy and sin.

When he arrived at Liverpool he went to Mr. Radcliffe's house, where a number of brethren were gathered together for prayer; and on the following morning he started on his first missionary tour, his commission being to visit the villages round Chester, distributing tracts, and dissuading the people from attending the races at that place.

He met at the outset with some very discouraging circumstances, arising from causes which need not be particularized. He had been for two days without food, when going through the village of Guilden Sutton he began to sing,

"Come, ye that fear the Lord,  
Unto me;  
I've something good to say  
About the narrow way,  
For Christ the other day  
Saved my soul."

This drew a farmer's wife to her door, who asked him if he loved the Lord; and on her finding that he was one of "the little flock," she invited him into her house, gave him to eat, and sent him on his way rejoicing in the faithfulness of his Lord.

Together with a number of other laborers in the Gospel he went to the races at Chester, where they held meetings every night near the course, at which they received much persecution from beneath and much blessing from above.

Weaver then returned to Liverpool, being provided for at Mr. Radcliffe's house. While preaching in the open air his word was blessed to a poor harlot, who was then and there brought to the feet of Jesus and made happy in his love. We will tell the story in his own language as he himself told it to a number of poor fallen ones gathered at a midnight meeting in Euston-room, London. In the course of a quiet and affection-

ate address, which brought tears and sobs from most of them, he said :

“ Though your name may be blasted, you may get a character in the Bible ; though your eyes be blacked by brutish men, God loves you ; though society scouts you, the blood of the Lamb was shed for you ; though you have no character, you may have a spotless name through Jesus Christ. I was once preaching out of doors at Liverpool, when a young girl came up to me and said, ‘ Can Christ save *me* ? ’

“ ‘ Yes,’ I said, ‘ for by the grace of God Christ tasted death for every man.’

“ ‘ Ah, you don’t know me,’ she said.

“ ‘ But, my dear sister, Christ knows you.’

“ ‘ O, I am one of those forlorn creatures—’ she began to say.

“ ‘ I don’t care what ye are,’ said I ; ‘ He is able to save to the uttermost all them that come unto God by him.’

“ ‘ Can he save me *here* ? Can he save me *now* ? ’

“ ‘ Yes ; *now* is the accepted time ; *to-day* is the day of salvation. Only try him.’

“ ‘ Then,’ she said, ‘ if I perish, I’ll perish here, crying to him to have mercy upon me.’

“She was standing by the parapet of the bridge, and she dropped upon her knees and cried, ‘Lord, if thou canst save a poor prostitute, save me *here* and save me *now*. Lord, I believe that for the sake of Jesus thou canst save me now.’ She wrestled in prayer a while, and just now she got up on her feet and heaved her hands to heaven, and said with streaming eyes,

‘My God is reconciled;  
His pardoning voice I hear:  
He owns me for his child;  
I can no longer fear:  
With confidence I now draw nigh,  
And Father, Abba, Father, cry.’

She was taken to Mr. Radcliffe’s house, and afterward was removed to the care of some friends at Warrington. She is now a Christian wife and mother, and is still holding on her way rejoicing in a sin-pardoning God.”

While Weaver was speaking at the same place a few evenings later, a young man, who had run away from home, and was on his way to take ship for America, was arrested by the preacher’s cry, “Be sure thy sin will find thee out.”

He stayed, and at the close came forward and acknowledged his sin, and professed to



have found mercy through faith in the atoning blood. Weaver went with him to the railway station, and he returned to his home, at a little village near Birmingham.

After this Richard went for a short visit to Openshaw, near Manchester, where his wife's parents lived, and whither she had removed from Hyde, it having been by this time arranged that her husband should not return to the coal-pit.

A week before the execution of the notorious William Palmer, in 1857, Weaver went to Stafford accompanied by a fellow-laborer. God wrought a good work by them at Stafford; they preached in the streets and souls were saved. The Roman Catholics said, "The devil has come to preach in the market-place." A man and his wife were induced by this remark to go and hear. They believed the things which were spoken, and made profession of Christ as their Saviour.

They were joined at Stafford by Mr. Radcliffe and other brethren. On the night of the execution thousands were pacing the streets all night, and two chapels were opened, where God owned the word preached, and souls cried for mercy,

In the Memoir of the Rev. D. Sandeman, by the Rev. A. A. Bonar, is a letter written by Mr. Radcliffe to the author, part of which is as follows:

“Richard Weaver (who is now beside me) heard David Sandeman solemnly preaching among the immense crowd just before the last bell began to toll, and well remembers him then saying, ‘I stop preaching, but that bell cries to every one of you, Prepare to meet thy God!’ The laborers had reason to hope that not a few souls were blessed, an infidel among the number.”

On his way to Stafford Richard passed through the village of Smallthorn, near Burslem, where he used to live. A report had appeared in the newspaper that Richard Weaver had died through the effects of some foolhardy wager. His acquaintances had concluded that he was the person, as the circumstances were quite consistent with what they knew of his character. When he knocked at the door of one of his friends, the woman threw up her hands, exclaiming,

“Hey, Richard, is it you? We heard you were dead.”

“It’s quite true,” replied he; “I was dead

in trespasses and sins, but I've been brought to life by the blood of Christ."

From Stafford they went to Rochdale, and on many Saturdays they sold four and five pounds' worth of Bibles in a night. Better still, the meetings they held in and around Rochdale were greatly blessed. Souls were converted every night, among whom were some of the vilest characters. As might be expected, Satan was not content with this assault upon his kingdom, and, to use Weaver's expression, "The Evil One roared at us bad there." A skeptic came one night while they were selling Bibles in the market-place. Weaver in recommending his goods said, "This is the best book in the world; the book of truth."

So the skeptic in the crowd cried out, "It's the worst book in the world. There isn't a word of truth in it."

Weaver called him to come up to the stand and prove that it was the worst book, and the people would have him go. When asked if he believed the Bible, he said there was no truth in it from Genesis to Revelation, and he was not going to believe a lie. Weaver told him that he did believe the Bible, and he would prove to the people that he did.

"Do you believe," he said, "that this is true or a lie: 'It is appointed unto men once to die?'"

"Yes, anybody knows that," admitted the scoffer.

"But the Bible says that, and you said there was nothing true in it, and yet you acknowledge this to be true."

"Yes, anybody knows that," repeated the other.

"Well, if there's one truth in it, there's two. Is this good or bad? 'Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself.' Is that good or bad?"

"O, it says other things besides that," said the skeptic.

"That's not it," replied Weaver. "It says that. Is that good or bad?"

"O, you're bringing all the good out of it," said the unbeliever.

"There, friends," appealed Weaver to those around, "he says there is good in it, and just now he said there was none." The defeated infidel jumped down and ran off, and the people hooted him.

A poor man, who had kept a shilling out of his wages, which he was going to spend in drink, was stopped on his way by hearing

this conversation, and instead of going to the public-house he bought a Bible, and said he would examine it for himself. He read it that night, and the following night went to hear the preaching, and found the Saviour.

Weaver then went to sell Bibles at Bacup. He gave out in the market-place that the mad collier was going to preach in the Primitive Methodist chapel. A great revival was the result. All sorts of people came to hear, and there was a great ingathering of precious souls. He afterward, with his companion, sold Bibles and preached the gospel at Knutsford races, where, as elsewhere, they were greatly persecuted and greatly blessed.

Weaver there parted from his companion and went to Hanley, and to Stoke races, preaching and distributing tracts. Many months afterward a stranger accosted him at another town in Staffordshire, and asked him if he remembered preaching at Stoke races.

"Yes," said Weaver.

"The Lord bless you," said the other, grasping his hand, "you were the means in God's hands of my finding Christ there."

Wolverhampton was the next place he visited, where the opposition he met with

exceeded anything he had before experienced. He was pelted with sticks and stones and clods, to the peril of his life. Notwithstanding this he preached on the race-course on Sunday, and some of the Lord's people in the town stood by him. The Roman Catholics attacked them; one gentleman was struck with a clod on the mouth while on his knees praying. They got Weaver down, and dragged him by his heels up the street, a policeman walking past and taking no notice. When they loosed him, a man struck a blow which, had not its force been broken by his hat, would probably have killed him; he felt the effects of it for a long time after; indeed, it is a question whether he has ever perfectly recovered from it. However, as soon as he was able to regain his feet he went on preaching to the mob the gospel of peace. The power of God went with his word, and they were obliged to cease their abuse.

After a few days' rest at home he returned to Liverpool, at Mr. Radcliffe's request, where he preached on Sunday nights in Brunswick Hall, and held cottage-meetings from street to street during the week. This was in March, 1857, and on one occasion the

snow was on the ground while he preached in the street, and his friends held a prayer-meeting within. Many souls were saved during this time. At one of these meetings a sailor fell down stricken under a sense of sin. For some time he lay on his back senseless, and when he came to himself, rose up rejoicing that he had found the Saviour. He clapped his hands and sang,

“‘The blood of Jesus cleanses me  
The moment I believe.’

Lord, I do believe. Thou hast written pardon on my heart.”

One night as Weaver was returning to his lodging, singing through the street, a policeman caught hold of him and asked him if he would not stop singing.

“Nay,” said he, “I sha’n’t stop.”

The policeman said he would make him, and caught him by the collar. He sprang his rattle, another policeman came to his help, and they took our friend to the lock-up.

As they went, a fellow-Christian shouted after him, “Never mind, brother, look up.” Weaver said, “Loose me and take hold of that noisy chap.”

They accordingly took both of them to the station. When they arrived there they had hard work to keep the people out, for as they went along two or three hundred had followed them, many of whom were the prisoners' friends. No sooner were they inside than Weaver fell on his knees and prayed. The inspector asked the policeman,

"What have you brought these men here for?"

"They were making a noise in the street," was the reply.

"What were they doing?"

"Singing,

*'The Lion of Judah shall break every chain,  
And give us the victory again and again.'*"

"Dear me," exclaimed the inspector, "you had no business to bring them here. We shall have no quietness all night if we can't get them out."

All this time Weaver continued praying, and his companion shouting "Glory!" by his side, while the people were holding a prayer-meeting in the street. When the above dialogue was concluded he got up and preached to the police officers, telling



them that if they did not repent they would all be lost.

"Dear me," said the inspector, "I never heard such a man. The next time you come here you will have to be sent to Rainhill," (lunatic asylum.)

Weaver went on talking to him, and he said,

"Bless the man, go out."

"I sha'n't go out," replied the prisoner; "I was publicly put in, and I shall be publicly put out."

Just then a gentleman came in and asked if they had got a missionary there.

"Yes, sir," was the reply.

"Will you take bail for him?"

"Bail, eh! he's been at liberty to go this hour and a half, and we shall be very glad to get rid of him."

Accordingly, at the suggestion of his friend, Weaver withdrew, and went home singing as before,

"With Christ in my heart and a staff in my hand,  
I travel in haste through an enemy's land;  
The road may be rough, but it cannot be long,  
So I march along singing the conqueror's song,  
For the Lion of Judah shall break every chain,  
And give us the victory again and again."

A few nights after this the policeman who

had taken him into custody met him and asked him to forgive him.

"Don't ask my pardon, ask God's pardon," said Weaver. "I forgive thee freely, ask God to forgive thee."

"O," said the poor fellow, with tears, "I'd give every hair of my head to know what you do—to know my sins forgiven."

"You needn't give anything," was the reply. "God gave Christ for you, and he will forgive every one that comes to him by Jesus."

The man believed the love of God, and was made happy then and there. While they were speaking a crowd had gathered, and an Irishwoman began to abuse Weaver, and call him a heretic. But the policeman told her that if she did not go along quietly he should take her into custody, and after that he always defended Weaver when he came in his way.

On the following Sunday night, in Brunswick Hall, he observed a young woman weeping, and after he had done preaching he went to her and asked her if she had a desire to give her heart to God.

"Yes," she said, "but not to-night."

"You may not have another opportunity."

"Well, not to-night," said she.

He yearned over her, and as she left the hall he followed her down the steps into the street, telling her she had not a moment to call her own, and warning her of her danger. But she kept on saying, "Not to-night. Not to-night." She went home, and the next morning at the breakfast table said to her mother, "I was hearing the converted collier preach last night; I wish I had given God my heart."

She went on telling her mother what had been said to her, and wished she had stopped and decided for God then.

"Well," said the mother, "you can go and hear him next Sunday."

"O, mother, I might not live till next Sunday. He told me I had not a moment to call my own. O, if I died now, where should I go?"

The mother began to take her breakfast, and persuaded her daughter to do the same. The poor young woman took the cup into her hand, saying as she did so, "O, mother, if I die now I'm damned," and fell dead with the words in her mouth.

Another terrible instance of the danger of delay occurred at the same time. A work-

ing man in Liverpool came to the meetings at Brunswick Hall, and a Christian man pressed him to decide for the Lord. He said, "I'll come again."

On the Saturday following, his master, who was a believer, said, "Now I hope you'll decide to be on the Lord's side."

"Not to-day," said he; "I'm going to Brunswick Hall to-morrow night, and I shall decide then." He received his money and went away. When he got home he opened the door, and with his hand yet on the latch he fell forward into his own house, dead.

Dear reader, are you yet unsaved? I cannot, I dare not, pass on without a word to you. Is your heart too full of other things to have any room for Christ? Ah remember, Bethlehem was too full for Jesus to be born except among the beasts; but in a very little while Bethlehem was full of woe. They had no room to receive God's Holy Child, and hardly had his parents fled away with him by night before a cry was heard in every family which owned a child from two years old and under, in Bethlehem and all its coasts. Was there no divine retribution here? Haman was hanged upon the gallows he had prepared for Mordecai. When the

devil slew the Lord of glory he signed his own death-warrant. "His mischief shall return upon his own head, and his violent dealing shall come down upon his own pate." Righteous recompense is a fundamental principle of the government of God. "Because I have called, and ye refused; I have stretched out my hand, and no man regarded; but ye have set at naught all my counsel, and would none of my reproof; I also will laugh at your calamity; I will mock when your fear cometh."

## CHAPTER V.

DURING his sojourn at Hyde, nine or ten months after his marriage, and before he left the coal-pit to become a missionary, Weaver had taken his wife to visit his father and mother. When the coach drew up they found the dear old woman waiting at the stile to meet them. It was the first time they had met since he left home, and as soon as she saw him she fell on his neck and kissed him, saying, "This my son was dead, and is alive again ; he was lost, and is found."

Before retiring to rest Richard read a chapter and prayed, and while he was praying his father said, "O dear, it's time for me to think about my soul."

He asked his wife what he must do, and she directed him to the Saviour who had been her friend and helper through her long and weary pilgrimage. The word of life entered into the old man's heart, and made him a new creature in Christ Jesus.

After preaching at Liverpool, Richard with his wife again visited his parents at Asterly. They found the faithful mother

waiting to receive them as before. As they got off the coach they heard her cry, "O my son! O my son!" and they learned that she was mourning over her son Thomas, who had just before been killed in the coal-pit, and of whose sad end they were not aware, the letter conveying the intelligence not having come to hand.

Richard preached in his native village the following Sunday evening, and many were delivered from the power of darkness and made light in the Lord. Two of those then converted are now preachers of the gospel, and there are many other living witnesses to the Lord's blessing at that time.

After his return from Asterly, Weaver labored at Chester for some time, and preached in the surrounding villages with Mr. Radcliffe, and wherever they went the Lord was present to heal.

While at one of these villages a message came requesting Weaver to visit a dying man, a publican. When he arrived at the house the servant-girl accompanied him to the door of the sick-room, and there left him, and he stood unobserved on the threshold for a few minutes contemplating the sorrowful scene. In bed lay an emaciated man,

yet young, but apparently in the last stage of consumption. On the right side of the bed stood his wife and daughter and little son; two sisters on the left; while his gray-headed father, upward of eighty years of age, sat trembling at the foot. They were all bitterly weeping. "O, wife," said the dying man, "can't you tell me what I must do to be saved?"

"No, my dear husband," she sobbed forth, "I can't tell thee."

"O, children, look at your poor dying father," and he asked them, and then his sisters, the same sad, eager question. Then turning to his father, "O, father, look at your dying son. Can't you tell me how to be saved?"

"Nay, my poor lad," said the father, "I wish I could. I don't know myself."

The man of God then stepped up to the bedside with his Bible in his hand. The sufferer looked up hopefully, and said, "O, sir, can you tell me how I may be saved?"

"Yes," was the answer; "I've got a promise for you."

And the dull eyes seemed to brighten, and the heavy cloud of gloom was lifted from the countenance of the sick man as he asked,



"O, is there a promise for poor G——?"

"If I bring a promise for you now, wont you believe it?"

"O yes, I will indeed believe it," was the prompt reply, and he began to tell how wicked he had been—a fighter and everything that was bad. His visitor told him something of his own story, and the sick man said, "Have you been as bad as that?"

"Yes, and I found pardon through the blood of Jesus. And now I'll read to you." He opened his Bible at the 10th of Romans, and read that "Christ is the end of the law, for righteousness, to every one that believeth." The sick man readily admitted that the end of the law of England is the rope. His friend had recently seen Palmer hanged, and with the vividness of an eye-witness explained that the law had done with the murderer when he had hung by the neck till he was dead. The law could say nothing more: it was satisfied when the life had been exacted. And in like manner, he said, the end of the law of God was Christ hanging on the cross of Calvary. He had been hanged there and died, the sinless One for sinful men, and so had been made of God *the end of the law, for righteousness, to every*

one that believes in Him. He proceeded with the chapter: "For Moses describeth the righteousness which is of the law, that the man who doeth these things shall live by them. But the righteousness which is of faith speaketh on this wise: 'Say not in thine heart, Who shall ascend into heaven? (that is, to bring Christ down from above;) or, Who shall descend into the deep? (that is, to bring up Christ again from the dead.) But what saith it? The word is nigh thee, even in thy mouth and in thy heart; that is, the word of faith which we preach; that if thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shalt believe in thy heart that God raised him from the dead, thou shalt be saved."

When he had got thus far the poor dying sinner raised himself up, and said eagerly, "Does it say that in my Bible?"

Weaver replied, "Yes," and opened his own Bible and read it there.

He said to his daughter, "Thee read for me, and then I'll believe it."

But her tears bedimmed her sight, and her voice was broken by her weeping, so that she could not read. She sobbed out, "It must be there, father, or he wouldn't say

so." Then the little son said he would read it, and when the child had read it, "Thank God," said the now happy father, "there's a promise for poor G——."

Weaver then knelt down and prayed, and when he arose the first words he heard were, "It's done me more good than all the medicine. The blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanses me from all sin. Glory be to God," he shouted, "it's done me more good than all the medicine!"

And as if to prove the truth of his words, he jumped from his bed, which he had not left for several weeks before, and caught his wife round the neck, crying, "Praise the Lord! Praise the Lord!"

He told the dear friend who had brought him such a precious promise, that he had been told he had been baptized and confirmed, and had had the prayers of the Church, and was a good sort of a man, kind to the poor, and so on. "But," said he, "that wouldn't do for me. The devil wanted to have poor G——, but, bless God, there's the word that 'God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life.'"

He was restored so far as to be able to go in a cab and tell a friend what the Lord had done for his soul, and in a little while he died, shouting, "Victory, victory! Glory to God! Poor G——'s got the victory! Victory, victory, victory, through the blood of Christ!"

About this time Weaver was on his way from Manchester to Liverpool. At Warrington an old gentleman farmer entered the same carriage. As the train moved along toward Garston, the old gentleman talked to his companion about the surrounding country, and the following conversation ensued:

"Do you see that house over the river?"

"Yes."

"Well, all this land, and that," pointing to it, "belongs to the gentleman who lives there, and I can remember when he had hardly sixpence in the world."

"Nay, friend," said the collier, "this land belongs to my father."

"Your father?"

"Yes; I'm a king's son. My father is a king."

The old gentleman looked incredulously at his fellow-traveler, and inquired, "Where do you come from, then?"

"From the City of Destruction."

"Let's see," he said, "the City of Destruction; that's not in this country, is it? Isn't it over the water?"

"Yes, it's over the water."

"Let's see," the old gentleman went on; "ours is a queen, not a king."

"Yes," he replied, "it's a queen here, not a king. My father is a king."

"Dear me!" exclaimed the gentleman.

"All this land for miles," continued our royal friend, "all the way from Warrington to Liverpool belongs to my father."

"Nay," said his doubting companion; "then he must have leased it. Hasn't he?"

"Yes, they have leased it of my father."

"Dear me!" he said, "I never heard tell of such a thing as that."

"All Cheshire," continued the king's son, "belongs to my father."

"Nay, I'm sure that's a lie," said the other indignantly; "I've got a farm in Cheshire, and I'm going to Liverpool now to settle about my will. The farm has been in our family for generations."

"I don't care: it belongs to my father."

"I'm sure it don't," said the farmer, getting vexed.

"Yes it does, and all the money you've got in your pocket belongs to my father."

"Nay, that's a downwright lie," returned the gentleman in an excited tone, for he was becoming thoroughly angry. Then in a milder key, as if it had just struck him that perhaps his strange acquaintance had escaped from Rainhill,\* "Tell me what your father's name is."

"Well he's called by different names, but I call him, 'God is Love,'" Richard replied.

"O, I beg your pardon, sir," said the old gentleman, "I didn't think about that."

The Christian now told his companion of the love of God in sending his dear Son into the world to save sinners, and the old man began to weep. The preacher went on to speak to him about his immortal soul, and said how sad it was for him to have lived all those years without Christ; until the other exclaimed, "I wish I was saved." They knelt down in the carriage, and the Christian prayed, and the old man prayed, and before they arrived at their journey's end he de-

\* Lunatic Asylum.

clared his belief that God for Christ's sake had forgiven him his sins. They had to ride on an omnibus from Garston to Liverpool, and the soul so newly born could not restrain the expression of its joy. The old man, now a babe in Christ, began to bless and praise God, telling the other passengers that he had found the Saviour in the railway carriage, till they thought him mad. Arrived at Liverpool, he took his now dearly-valued friend to some dining-rooms, paid for his dinner, and went away as happy as a king.

On another occasion Weaver found himself at the railway station without the means of paying his fare. But he believed that he was the Lord's servant, and that he would provide him with what he needed, for he had told him his necessity, and prayed that money might be sent to enable him to go home. He had a few tracts in his pocket, which he distributed among the persons in the station. He gave one to a young man, who read it attentively, and then came and asked Weaver where he came from.

"From the City of Destruction," he replied.

"So do I," said the other. "Where are *you going?*"

"I'm bound for glory," answered Weaver.

"So am I."

They shook hands, for they found that they were brothers. "But where do you pitch your tent to-night?" continued his new acquaintance.

"At Manchester," answered Weaver.

"I'm going that way too. I'll pay for your ticket." He paid for his ticket and gave him half-a-crown besides. When the train started no one else entered the same compartment, and Weaver said, "Now we'll have a prayer-meeting," and in his prayer he gave the Lord thanks for helping him out of his difficulty. In conversation afterward he told his friend how he had been situated, and before they parted he gave him a half-sovereign more.

This was a manifest answer to prayer; and yet such statements are often received incredulously, as though the heavenly Father did not really exercise such a care over his children. Yet if we would but mark the circumstances of our daily life, if we did but watch unto prayer, we should discern numberless proofs, as real if not as manifest, that even the hairs of our head are all numbered. A child learns to love its mother,



not so much because on a few occasions she may have saved its life, as on account of her ceaseless tenderness and watchful care. And he that is wise and will observe God's little acts of love from day to day, even he shall understand the loving-kindness of the Lord.

At another time Richard had arranged to go from home to preach, but when he got up in the morning they were without bread for breakfast, or money to buy it. He and his wife knelt down and laid their case before the Lord. While in prayer his little boy came and said,

"Father, stop praying, and give me my breakfast."

The postman's knock was heard at the door, and a letter was handed to him, containing a sum sufficient for his wife's need at home, and for his own traveling expenses.

In the train was a gentleman who was reading a newspaper, and who entered into conversation with him. "He talked," says Weaver, "about some things I understood, and some things I didn't understand. To what I understood I said yes or no, as the case might be, and to what I didn't understand I said nothing. Let me advise you to

do the same. There are plenty of people fond of talking about things they don't understand. Don't let's pretend to be wiser than we really are."

After a while Richard said, "Well, sir, let's change the subject."

"With all my heart," replied his companion. "What shall we talk about?"

"Let us talk a bit about 'God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life.'"

He soon found that his friend was a child of God; and after they had talked together about the love of God for some few minutes the gentleman asked his name.

"Richard Weaver."

The other grasped his hand, and said, "I've been waiting to see you for twelve months past, and I've had a little present in my pocket for you ever since you preached at Liverpool." He took out a packet containing a sum of money, and added, "I had a son, one of the worst in Liverpool. He went to hear you preach, and God blessed the word to the saving of his soul."

As they journeyed on, a lot of navvies and a respectably dressed woman entered

the same carriage at Stafford. The navvies in their conversation soon began to take God's name in vain.

"O stop," said Weaver to one of them; you musn't call my father."

"I didn't call your father, sir; I don't know your father," said the navvy.

"No," replied Richard, "if you did you would love him, and not speak of him like that."

"What's your father's name?" inquired the man.

"You need not ask him to damn you," answered Weaver, "for he'll damn you without asking if you don't repent. But if you turn to Him he will save you. My Father's name is 'God is Love.'"

As he went on talking about the love of God one of them took his hand and said, "O sir, those were the last words my mother spoke to me, 'God is Love.'"

Richard held his hand, and pressed upon him the remembrance of his praying mother, and told him about his own mother, and how her prayers had been answered on his behalf. The poor young fellow wept, and Richard prayed for him, and then sung one of his hymns. Before he left the train that

young man confessed Christ, and declared that he could say he was saved through the blood of the Lamb.

No more swearing was heard during the rest of the journey, and when they separated the men thanked him and assured him they would remember what he had said to them.

In writing the first edition of this book we forbore to assert that this young man was converted, as there was no proof of his having continued in the faith grounded and settled, and not moved away from the hope of the Gospel. But we are thankful to be able now to inform our readers, that when Richard Weaver preached at Pearce's Riding School at Bayswater, an excavator who was employed on the works of the Metropolitan Railway came and shook hands with him, saying,

"Mr. Weaver, don't you remember me? Don't you remember talking to a young man in the train, between Manchester and Stafford, about the love of God? I am that man, and bless the Lord, he has kept me trusting in him from then to now."

As Weaver and the woman left the train together, she asked him, "Is your name Mr. Weaver?"

"My name is *Richard Weaver*," he replied.

"The Lord bless thee," she said.

"I don't know you," said he.

"I never saw you before," replied the woman; "but I guessed who you were by your talk to those men. The Lord bless thee. Didn't you preach about sixteen months ago at such a place?"

"Yes."

"The Lord bless thee. Sixteen months ago I had no bed but a bed of straw; my four children had nothing to eat; I had no husband to call a husband; but the Lord bless thee. My husband had been put in prison, and he came out more like a devil than a man; the children ran away from him when they saw him; but the Lord bless thee. As he came along the street he saw it placarded upon the wall that *Richard Weaver*, the converted collier, was to preach on Sunday evening. He stopped as he saw the name, and said to himself, '*Richard Weaver!* that must be the man I used to work with in the coalpit. I'll go and hear him.' The Lord bless thee.

"He went, and your text was, '*The Master is come, and calleth for thee.*'

“When the anxious ones were asked to come up to the penitent form he was the first that came. I was sitting up with the babe in my arms; I dared not go to bed for fear he should come and pull me out by the hair of my head, as he had often done before; but the Lord bless thee. He came in when there was just an inch of candle in the socket, and said, ‘Where are the children?’

“‘Gone to bed,’ I answered.

“‘Bring them down.’

“I had no cradle, so I had to lay the babe on the hearthstone while I went up stairs. Now, I thought, I shall have to be turned out, and take shelter under a hedge, or a cart, or some such place. I knelt down by the bed of straw, and asked the Lord to protect me and my children. Then I took them down stairs, and to my astonishment my husband took up the eldest in his arms and kissed her, and said,

“‘My dear lass, the Lord have sent thee a father home to-night.’ Then he took the second and said the same. And then the third, and said, ‘My dear boy, the Lord have sent thee a father home to-night.’ He caught up the babe and said, ‘My dear babe, the Lord have sent thee a father home to-night.’

Then he put his arm round my neck and kissed me, and said, 'My dear lass, the Lord have sent thee a husband home to-night.' The Lord bless thee.

"O, Mr. Weaver, what a word! 'My dear wife.' I had na heard such words for fourteen years. He prayed and the Lord gave him peace, and He restored my soul, for in my trouble I had not been living closely to Him. O, Mr. Weaver, the Lord bless thee."

When he got up next morning Richard found the man with his four children there with open arms to welcome him, and to thank him for the blessing they had received through his word.

## CHAPTER VI.

MR. RADCLIFFE now proposed to Weaver to visit Prescott, to assist a fellow-laborer who had recently gone to that place as town missionary. Arrived at Prescott, he found the brother whom he had come to help, in a house holding a prayer-meeting. Weaver proposed that they should go out of doors and he would preach. A crowd collected, and the word was with power. He remained at Prescott three weeks, preaching frequently, and more than four hundred, among whom were some of the worst men in the town, professed to find peace in believing.

Leaving Prescott he went to Liverpool Races, where the following incident occurred. A fellow-Christian was talking to a wicked man, and Weaver, seeing that the latter was going to strike his brother, and fearing lest he should strike again, joined them, and spoke kindly to the man, who said he would strike him if he didn't take himself off.

"Well, do it," said Richard.

He struck him, and the other cheek was presented; but the man would not strike a



second time. Weaver knelt down and prayed for him, and when he rose the other wanted to give him half-a-crown, which he refused. But the man stood by him after that, and protected him from others who would have molested him. Some months afterward he was in Liverpool again, and a stranger came up, asking if he were not the man who preached at Liverpool Races, and if he remembered a man striking him there. "I'm the man," he said, "that struck you, and I have often wanted to see you to ask your forgiveness.' The prayer offered up on the race-course at Liverpool had never been forgotten till it led to the conversion of his soul.

Our next notice of Weaver is at Prescott Fair, where he established himself in the midst of the traveling theaters, boxing saloons, swinging boats, and other of the follies usual at such places. With others like-minded with himself he struck up the hymn,

"Come, ye that love the Lord,  
And let your joys be known ;  
Join in a song with sweet accord,  
And thus surround the throne."

The showmen's bells were ringing, drums beating, cymbals clapping, rattles rattling,

against them, and for an hour and a half the contest went on, during which a band of music came to the rescue, to drown the singers' voices. But all in vain. The singing was heard above the noise at a village a mile off. They sang it down, and ever since that tune is known there as "The Prescott Fair Tune." The boxing-men raved at them and the showmen cursed, but they could get no one to go into their places; and the principal show went out of the town next morning, the proprietor leaving something in pawn to pay his way, and declaring that whereas he had taken ten pounds the year before, he had not now taken as many shillings, all through that preacher. His little child said, "Father, where are we going? to Newton Races?"

"I don't know where to go," replied the father.

"It's no use of us going to Newton Races," said the child, "for the preacher is going there, and we shall take nothing."

At night a gentleman had the town-hall opened for preaching. Crowds came in from the streets, and many professed to have obtained the pardon of their sins. Weaver afterward preached in a field, and forty-four

persons declared themselves to have found peace at that time. It was a most affecting scene. Some were mourning under a newly-awakened consciousness of sin; others rejoicing in the glorious hope of which they had just become partakers, through faith in the blood-shedding of the Son of God. Here and there relatives and friends were hanging on each other's necks, weeping for sorrow or for joy; some crying, "Lord, save me!" and others giving glory to God for having saved them.

At a subsequent fair Weaver again took his stand among the shows, and a clown on one of them challenged him to come on the stage and hold a discussion with him. He went, and soon found that the clown was a Roman Catholic. Our friend had the best of the argument, and the merry-andrew was confounded before the people. He could say nothing. At last he broke away from the discussion by saying, "If I wanted a loaf of bread would you give me one?"

"Yes," answered the preacher, "I would."

"Well," he said, "I do want one."

"Then come along with me and I'll give you one."

*The clown seemed backward at starting,*

but Weaver took hold of his arm and led him down the steps and up the street, a host of people following them, to the shop of a baker, who was in a fright lest his windows should be broken by the crush.

The missionary bought a sixpenny loaf and said, "Now before I give it thee I must pray with thee." And so the preacher and the man with painted face and clown's attire knelt together in the open shop, and the Lord's servant prayed his Father to save the soul of his fellow. The clown wanted to pay for the loaf, but Weaver would not let him. He returned to his show, but was ashamed to appear outside for the rest of the day. On the following morning he came and begged Richard to forgive him, saying he wished he could get a living in some other way. He grasped his hand, with tears in his eyes, when Weaver said, "The Lord bless thee. You have done nothing against me." Shall not the bread then cast upon the waters be found after many days?

Previously to the circumstances last mentioned Weaver had accepted an invitation to settle in Prescott as town missionary, the brother before named having relinquished the appointment.

One of his first converts after this was a collier, who spent his time much as he himself had done in his ungodly days, in drinking, cockfighting, etc. Hearing the sound of preaching at a distance he was attracted to the spot, where he stood and listened. The terrors of the law, which were strenuously propounded, laid hold of the man's soul, and he ran home and went to bed, covering his head with the bed-clothes, to hide himself from the wrath of God. While he lay there shivering with terror his wife came, and asked him in astonishment what was the matter; but he told her if she did not let him alone he would knock her brains out. The next night he went again. After preaching Weaver retired from the street to an adjoining schoolroom, inviting inquirers to follow him. Those who were anxious to obtain peace with God were then asked to come forward, and this cockfighting collier was among the first who accepted the invitation. He said the devil "heaved him up to come there;" but he found peace, and then he knew that not the evil spirit, but the Spirit of God, had led him thither. He is still walking in the way of holiness. Three *other colliers, married men, were brought in*

about the same time, and leaving their evil habits they set themselves to learn to read.

There was a watchmaker at Prescott whose brother had been converted under Weaver, and who said he believed that if his brother would hear him he would be converted too. He went, and as the preacher thundered out the law he felt as if he should be damned in the place. Thus made willing to be saved on God's own terms, he was brought into the glorious liberty of the children of God before he left. He was the eldest son at home, and the main support of his widowed mother. The change soon became apparent; he was now as attentive to her as before he had been unkind, and this may possibly have conduced to her own conversion under Weaver subsequently. She died happily some time after in her son's arms, and it was very unwillingly that he left her grave. This young man is a zealous and faithful laborer in the Gospel. He visited Woolwich and Barnet in 1860, by invitation, as a lay preacher.

There were two twin brothers, laboring men, one of whom had paid as much as £50 in small sums, from time to time, in fines for being drunk. They were awful

characters, and when they could find no one else to fight with they exercised their quarrelsome propensities upon each other. They came together one night to a small chapel where our friend was preaching, and both, at least as regards outward deportment, became changed characters. They are still members of the Temperance Society, and attend the house of God regularly.

At Prescott, Weaver fulfilled his duties as a town missionary with a devotedness and perseverance which would have been impossible had not the hand of the Lord been strong upon him. The Spirit lifted him up and took him here and there, to sick and dying beds, to the haunts of vice and misery, to the homes of patient poverty. Now He showed him the peace, and even ecstasy, with which a saint can die; and then appalled him by the terror and soul agony with which spirits condemned already shrunk and shivered as they hung suspended by the breaking thread of life over the bottomless and burning pit. Here he gathered much of that marvelous fund of thrilling anecdote which imparts such power to his preaching. God had given him, by birth, unusual faculties of minute observation and powers of

vivid and graphic description, together with a sensitive nature and an affectionate heart; and while the devil drove him, during his early years, through the slough of sin, the Only Wise was turning the counsel of the crafty one against himself, and preparing the victim of that hellish education to be a chosen vessel to his glory. And now again, where the old serpent vainly coiled around the dying bodies of believers already crucified and raised with Christ, or fastened on the anguished ones whose quickened senses prematurely heard the howlings of the damned, and saw and felt the fire whose flames leaped up to clutch them to its everlasting burning, the God of love was wakening the ear of his child to hear as one taught, and giving him the tongue of the learned that he should know how to speak a word in season to the weary. He gave him living visions of heaven and hell, in the declaration of which he might fitly and freely exercise the powers wherewith He had endowed him from his mother's womb. For the more we hear of the saintly woman who plodded so patiently through her weary life, the more are we convinced that our friend inherited from her the pow-



ers which she so undauntedly endeavored to train for God.

And fully at Prescott did he justify the cognomen he had earned in his ungodly days, "Undaunted Dick;" for what he was as a fighting man, fearing nothing, so is he still as a soldier of the cross. For instance: On one occasion he went into the house of a Roman Catholic at Prescott, an Irishman, who declared he would cut his throat. "Then," said Richard, "you shall murder me on my knees." The man stood over him with an open razor while he prayed; but before the prayer was over his mind was changed, and he said, "Sure I wouldn't hurt him for the world; he says nothing but the truth."

With a collier named Berry, who had been converted under Mr. Radcliffe, Weaver went into alehouses and prayed in the kitchen in the midst of those who were drinking there, sometimes receiving thanks and kindness, sometimes abuse and threatenings, but gaining the respect of all. Many of those whom he visited in sickness found a present Saviour through his instrumentality, and others still live to thank God for his sojourn there.

*An aged woman who was in a desponding*

and distracted condition of mind, says nothing did her so much good as his happy face and loving prayers, and she has since that time continued a rejoicing believer.

A man whose constantly expressed antinomian principles made him an offense to his friends, used to listen to the preaching, until at length his views were greatly modified by the conviction that God, in his sovereignty, condescends to use human instrumentalities, and that this blunt but genial collier-missionary was verily sent of Him to declare a full and free salvation to every one who is willing to be saved.

As soon as the fruits of his labors began to appear, Richard invited the converts to his house every Saturday night—a meeting of which it would be difficult to overrate the importance, and doubly valuable at that time, when they were subject to greater temptation than at any other hour in the week. There was a public house next door, and often the people would leave their drink, and go away to escape the sound of the praying.

Before he had been there a year, the working and poor people of Prescott gave Weaver a silver watch, with the following

inscription: "Purchased by subscription, and presented to Mr. R. Weaver, as a token of the high esteem in which he is held as the Prescott Town Missionary, March 22, 1858."

The following passage from one of Weaver's addresses, on the love of God, contains two anecdotes of occurrences during the period of which we are writing:

"News came one morning that a man had almost killed his wife. The poor woman had been to a meeting the night before and got her sins pardoned; she had gone home and gone to bed, and left the door open for him. You know there's nothing to steal in a drunkard's house. Well, he went home about three o'clock in the morning, and dragged his poor wife down stairs by the hair of her head. I went to the house, and there I found the poor woman sitting down and holding her sides. She could hardly breathe. Three or four of her ribs were broken by his kicks. He had blinded her on one eye before, and now he had locked up the other.

"'O, Richard,' she says, 'I can't see thee, but I know thy voice. O, Richard, if the Lord would only take me home!'

"'*My dear sister,*' I whispered to her,

‘you must say, “Not my will, but thine, be done.”’ She showed me her poor legs black and blue. I says, ‘Where’s thy husband now?’

“‘Don’t go near him,’ she answered; ‘he swears he’ll kill anybody who meddles with him.’

“I went into the bit of a place behind: there he was with a carving-knife in his hand cutting a bit of bread, shaking just like drunkards do. ‘Well, my lad,’ I said, ‘what hast thou been doing? Look at thy poor wife.’

“‘Thee go to hell,’ says he.

“‘O no, I shall never go there; Jesus has saved me from hell, and can save thee too. Why, thou hadst a praying mother,’ (I knew he had; ) ‘dostna remember what she used to teach thee?’

“‘Ah, Richard,’ said he, ‘’twas different times with us then. When I lost my mother I lost my best friend.’

“‘O no thee didn’t; thou’st got thee best friend. Jesus is thee best friend, and he’ll save thee yet if thou’lt come to him.’

“‘O no, he wont save me.’

“‘Ah, but I’m sure he will.’

“‘If I thought he would I’d go on my

knees now, and I'd never get up again till he had.'

"Now, then, we'll try him; now thee kneel there and I'll kneel here.'

"So we knelt down, and I prayed and he prayed, and I believed and he believed; and so, by and by, he jumps up crying, 'Glory be to God, my sins are pardoned!' He clasps his poor wife in his arms and begs her to forgive him. And now, when I'm at home, I see them of a Sunday morning going arm-in-arm to the house of God.\*

"If I had a voice that could sound over London I'd cry, 'The blood of Jesus Christ cleanses from all sin!' Beggar and prince must come to the blood; young and old must come to the blood. I was called once to see a poor old lady on her dying bed. Gold was her God, and she kept it under her pillow. Well, in my prayer I shook her over hell, and as I was taking her a walk through the flames I heard something go smack on the floor, then another, and another, and another; this was four bags of gold. Her daughter

\* This man is still a teetotaller, and outwardly reformed, but it cannot be affirmed on present evidence that he has passed from darkness to light, and is a new creature in Christ Jesus.

picked them up and brought them to her; but she cried, 'Take them away! I don't want them, I want Jesus now!' and she was saved just as she was dropping into hell.

"Tell me now, isn't He willing to save the greatest sinner out of hell? O that's the way to kill the devil in a man. Show him love. My fellow-workmen have torn the clothes off my back, and I've gone down on my knees and prayed for them; and a day or two after one and another have said, 'Richard, will you forgive me?' The Lord tried what drowning the world would do once, but 'twas no good. He gave the law, and tried if blackness and darkness and tempest would recover man, but 'twas no use; and so the dear Son of God says, 'My Father, I'll go and take the Gospel, and see what love will do.' And I'm here to-night to tell you of Almighty love."

Weaver was one day called to visit a widow's son dying in decline. He asked if there were any mercy for him, and the missionary told him how Jesus had died for sin, that sinful men might live through him. Afterward, while he prayed, the sick man burst into a cry to God for mercy, and before

they separated he had found righteousness and peace. He was now happy beyond expression. In a few weeks, early one Monday morning, the dying one sent for him again. His feet were dipped in the brim of Jordan, but he was happy in the Lord. His mother and sisters and brothers stood around him, and he asked them one by one, "Mother, sister, brother, will you meet me in heaven?"

His eldest brother was a skeptic, and long held out, while the departing Christian pressed him, all the while praising and blessing God, with "Jonathan, will you meet me in heaven?"

The brother yielded at last, saying, "Yes, I will."

May the Lord ever keep him mindful of that solemn promise! Then the joyful believer lifted up his hands and prayed, "Come, Lord Jesus," and fell asleep in him.

In December, 1857, a woman stopped Weaver in the street and began to sneer at him. He spoke to her of the love of Christ, but she laughed in his face, asking, "Who is Christ?" She still scoffed and mocked, *when he said* that Christ was the Saviour of

the world. Then he turned to the law and told her, "'The wages of sin is death. The soul that sinneth it shall die.'" When he had given her several such passages as these he paused, and she still mocked. All at once, and before he could consider his words, he was impelled to say, "Mrs. —, this is December, 1857, and if I am a man of God, before this month is out I believe you will be dead and damned if you don't repent of your sins and turn to the Lord." Her reply was too blasphemous to be repeated here. The preacher said, "The Lord save you," and went his way. As he walked he pondered on what he had said, wondering at his words, and asking the Lord to forgive him if he had spoken unadvisedly. A fortnight after, being ill, he was going, accompanied by a friend, to see the doctor, and on the way they passed this woman's house. The blinds were down, and Weaver stood still to ask his friend, "Is somebody dead here?"

He said, "Haven't you heard that Mrs. — is dead?"

"Is that true?" asked Weaver, greatly shocked.

"Yes; she died on Saturday last."

On inquiring the circumstances of her



death, he learned that she had been taken with some sudden seizure and carried to bed. The doctor was sent for, but could give no assistance, not being able to discover the cause of her suffering. One of her family asked her if some one should be sent for to pray with her; but she turned her head, and looking at her friend, replied by a frightful imprecation, and ordered her to be out of the road; and thus she died, her mouth filled with curses and blasphemy.

In the same place a publican stood outside the crowd cursing the preacher and reviling the Word of God. Some time before, in a fit of delirium tremens, he had sprung from his bed in the night and fled from the devils which he imagined were haunting him, run through the town in his undress to a coal-pit, and slid down the rope to the bottom, where the astonished colliers found him in the morning. As he stood listening to the preacher these words fell upon his ear: "Maybe some one here, before twelve o'clock to-morrow will be dead and damned if they don't repent now." The publican went away cursing and reviling as before. The next day his landlord called about a *quarter* to twelve, to give him notice to quit

the house. He jumped up in a rage, and told the landlord to go to hell. He immediately fell down the cellar steps, broke his neck, and was taken up dead.

I will not dwell upon the remarkable way in which the Almighty Arbiter of life and death thus set his seal to the words which he had put into his servant's mouth ; but if an unconverted sinner is reading this, let me entreat you to consider that though your exit from this world may not be so terribly and manifestly under the judgment of God as these, yet your everlasting portion will be with such. O, brother, O, sister, for whom the Lord of glory died, listen to the voice of mercy pleading with you now so lovingly, "Turn ye, turn ye, why will ye die?" and assuring you, not in wrath or cruelty, but for your soul's sake, that "he that being often reprov'd hardeneth his neck shall suddenly be destroyed, and that without remedy." May God make the record of these fearful instances of his vengeance to be a beacon not vainly warning from the road to hell, which shall be read and obeyed by many souls.

At first the Roman Catholics, especially the young people, thronged to hear him ; but

the priests prohibited their doing so, and some of them were unmercifully beaten by their parents for listening to him. On one occasion, as he was going to visit a sick person, he was met by a party of them returning from mass, who began to mob him. He did not know the names of any who assaulted him; but a woman told a friend that if anybody said she was in it she would murder them. The Committee of the Town Mission, hearing this, prosecuted the woman, and she was summarily convicted, Weaver very unwillingly appearing against her.

During his sojourn at Prescott he visited many of the surrounding villages. On one of these occasions he preached at a little place called Haydock, where thirty-two professed to find peace the same night. There was a man who went to chapel under the impressions produced by his brother having been killed in a coal-pit, and he told his wife that was the last time he would go. He was a great rabbit-man, dog-fancier, pigeon-flier, etc., and before he went on the Sunday morning some of his companions called for him to go out with them. He asked them to wait a while, he should not be long. He would not go with his wife the direct road,

but went across the fields and got in at the back way, being ashamed to be seen going to chapel. He did not know who was to preach. The text was, "Go, and the Lord be with thee." Conviction laid hold of him while he sat under the word, and he wept. When he returned home the men had gone, and in the afternoon he went to his father-in-law's house, to be out of the way, and to avoid going to chapel again at night. But when the time came he cried out, "It's no use; I must go to chapel." The text again fell upon him as a message from God: "My Spirit shall not always strive with man." His brother, and the wife of the brother who had been killed, were brought to the Lord that night, but he still resisted, though he was so wrought upon that he knew not what to do with himself. The next morning when he got down into the coal-pit he said "he durstna work till he had prayed," and he prayed. But he could not remain. He was terrified lest something should fall upon him and kill him. He went home and sat in the house the rest of the day, weeping and sighing, "O dear, what must I do?" He said to his wife, "Hey, Nelly, what have I been doing?" for he thought the preacher had

meant him all the time. Tuesday passed in the same way, and his wife and neighbors thought he had gone mad; he could not work, and did nothing but cry, and moan, and weep. He asked where that man lived that preached, for he must go and see him. On the Wednesday he went to the coal-pit, but soon returned. When he came home he asked his child to fetch down the Bible and the hymn book, (for he had had praying parents,) and as he turned over the leaves he observed to his wife how his good old father had marked his favorite places in the books, and how they had neglected them. He cried to the Lord to have mercy upon him, and just then he opened at the hymn beginning,

“ My God! I know, I feel thee mine,  
And will not quit my claim  
Till all I have is lost in thine,  
And all renewed I am.

“ I hold thee with a trembling hand,  
But will not let thee go,  
Till steadfastly by faith I stand,  
And all thy goodness know.”

When he had got thus far he cried out, “Nelly, I’ve got it! Nelly, I’ve got it! I’ve got Jesus! I’ve got it!” and off he

went up stairs, shouting and praising God. There he fell on his knees, and prayed so loud and long that the people came in to see what was the matter, and found the wife and children standing at the bottom of the stairs, crying to think the husband and father had gone out of his mind. He ran off to the house of a local preacher and class-leader, and said, "Mr. F., I am come to ask you to pray with me. I've found Christ!" They prayed together, and he returned home, but was soon away again to tell his brother, who had been saved on Sunday night, and they praised God together, gathered their Christian neighbors, and had a joyous meeting. Weaver says he is one of the choicest men he knows, and if he had had no other fruit of his labors he would be infinitely rewarded in this one soul. He is a man of earnest and believing prayer. On one occasion he was sent of the Lord to a house tenanted by a family of four persons, to tell them that God would save them that day. He talked and prayed with them, and did not leave them till they all professed faith in the name of Jesus.

Weaver at this time preached at a village near Prescott, when a young married woman

came to the penitent form, but would not give up her favorite sin, drink. Some time after she was confined, and in six or eight weeks, on the occasion of one of these demoralizing fairs, she left her infant child with a neighbor and went to Prescott. On her husband's return from his work, not finding her at home, he went in search of her, and found her lying in a field. Next morning he upbraided her with her misconduct, and said it was no use, he could not live with her unless she altered. She said, "O I will soon alter," and after her husband had left she went to the pantry and took a bottle of some mixture, of which the principal ingredient was vitriol, and drank a teacupful. That was on the Sabbath, and Weaver happened to be again preaching there. While he was in the pulpit a young woman came to the door of the chapel and cried out, "Richard Weaver, here's a woman dying. She wants you. Come and see her. O do come, Mr. Weaver." He left the pulpit, and went with another Christian man to the house of the wretched woman. Her face was black, and her friends were standing horror-stricken around her. As soon as *she saw Weaver* she clutched at his coat,

saying, "O, do save me!" But her day of grace had passed. She died almost immediately in that fearful condition.

You who read it, has God's Spirit striven with you, and have you put him away, preferring some cherished sin to the sinner's Friend? No matter whether it be a degrading vice like drunkenness, or something which men do not regard as sin at all, if it keeps your heart from Christ, if you love it better than God's beloved Son, it will be a millstone round your neck to drag you down, down, down to hell; will be an eternal agony wrapped round your undying soul in the blackness of darkness for ever.



## CHAPTER VII.

EARLY in 1859 Mr. Radcliffe, having received an invitation to Scotland, asked Weaver to supply some engagements for him in Cheshire. Richard accordingly made his headquarters at a farm-house, where he preached. He labored also in the villages round, and God was with him; many precious and immortal souls were saved. He was invited to a village called Dunham-o'-the-hill, of which a minister told him, if there was any place like the cities of the plain that was it. He was sure Weaver would do no good there. However, the Lord had many souls in that place whom he had ordained to eternal life, and a mighty work was wrought in the name of the holy child Jesus. The people flocked together and filled the chapel, so that they were obliged to adjourn to the open air. The windows of heaven were opened, and a blessing was poured down. They had an excellent time, and many were added to the Lord.

Weaver then returned to Prescott, and *thence went to Willenhall, where he preached*

every night for a fortnight, and God owned the word so that more than five hundred persons gave in their names as having found peace in believing. Among them was an infidel, who, with his wife, stood up and confessed Christ in the midst of the congregation. Many who had been living in adultery were married, dog-fanciers and pigeon-fliers sold their pets, and some of the most degraded characters were reclaimed, and came and sat at the feet of Jesus.

He next visited Darlaston, where God crowned his labors with like success. Seven hundred professed to find the Saviour. The place was crowded to excess every night, and in the meeting for inquirers, after the preaching, scenes occurred such as Ezra describes: "Many wept with a loud voice, and many shouted aloud for joy, so that the people could not discern the noise of the shout of joy from the noise of the weeping." The text on one occasion was, "This year thou shalt die." A young man, a collier, was awakened and found Christ that night. On the following Friday Richard received a message to visit a man who had been brought home from the coal-pit with both legs broken and his back crushed. When

the dying man saw him he said, "I know what your text was: 'This year thou shalt die.' That was for me." He took his visitor's hand and praised God. "I thought," he said, "to have gone and told them what Christ had done for my soul. I cannot do that, but I know I am saved through the blood of the Lamb." While Weaver was speaking to him, one of his fellow-workmen entered the room, who took his friend by the hand. "Thou laughedst at me," said the dying collier when I began to pray; "but what should I have done now if I had not given my heart to Christ? May the blood of Jesus cleanse thee from all sin!" He prayed earnestly and affectionately for his comrade, who professed to find peace with God before he left. Weaver says it was like being in the ante-chamber of Jehovah. He shortly afterward departed to be with Christ, repeating "Glory! halleluiah!" till utterance failed him, and he fell asleep in Jesus. Hundreds congregated at his funeral, to whom Weaver preached, while the rain poured down in torrents.

Another collier who was killed near the same time by a quantity of mineral falling on him, being asked, "How is it with thee?"

when he lay in the little cabin on the top of the pit, said, "Tell Mr. Weaver all is well. 'The blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth me from all sin.'"

There was another who had the name of being the wickedest man in the coal-pit in which he worked. He was convinced of sin under the word, and, like Weaver before him, tried to drown conviction in the bowl. He went to a public-house, but was unable to finish the drink he had ordered. He went to Weaver's lodgings, and told him he could not go home until he knew what he must do to be saved. His friends set the good news before him of a finished salvation through the death and righteousness of Jesus. But the troubled spirit found no rest. At last the convicted sinner said, "Leave off talking; do kneel down and pray for me. I've had enough talking." He dropped on his knees, and prayed himself so earnestly that the righteous Judge could do no other than avenge him of his adversary then. The heavenly Father arose and gave to his importunate child of spiritual blessings as many as he needed. Jesus brought him into the banqueting-house, and his banner over him was love. He served his genera-

tion a little while, and fell asleep more than conqueror through Him that loved him.

Richard was standing one day on a bridge over a brook when he heard a hunter's horn, and soon perceived the hounds in full cry approaching him. But before they reached the spot a hare ran up the field near him and down the side of the stream, springing repeatedly into the water, and then back upon the bank, to destroy the scent. The hounds were at fault, and when the huntsman came up he asked Weaver if he had seen the hare. On his replying that he had, the hunter inquired, "Which way did she take?"

"You must find that out," said the preacher; adding, "I am a hunter for souls. Death on the Pale Horse, with all the dogs of hell, is upon your track; and unless you fly to the fountain opened for sin and uncleanness you will lose your soul in hell."

Not long after this, one of those drunken, gambling, sporting men, to so many of whom Richard had been as a polished shaft in the hand of the Lord, having heard him vividly describe the unsaved sinner as a hunted hare, sprang up in bed, and screamed in terror "Lord, save me! Lord, save me!"

His wife, who had a few days before been converted, and who lay awake at his side, anxiously inquired the cause of his alarm. "O," he said, "I thought Death on the Pale Horse was after me." He lay down, but hardly had he dropped asleep before the same frightful dream returned, and again he shrieked an agonized prayer for life. Once more he composed himself to sleep, but only to be terrified by the return of the same vision. For God had mercy upon him, and was shaking his soul from her deadly sleep, that she might take to the waters of Siloah that go softly, and baffle the hell-hounds that sought her life. And so this terrified blasphemer, like a frightened hare, fled for his life from the pursuers, crying, "If I don't begin to pray I shall be in hell before morning." He and his wife got up and wrestled with God in the silence and darkness of the night, until the shadows fled away, and day dawned upon the sinner's soul.

After leaving Darlaston, Weaver labored at Bilston, and upward of six hundred persons received his word and professed to have found the Saviour. At Tipton, also, Mosely Hole, and Dudley Port, his work was crowned with the like blessing.

Those who have listened to Weaver's preaching will remember the vivid manner in which he individualizes sinners of various classes. A quotation will illustrate what we mean; it is introduced here to explain the anecdote which follows it.

"There's a thief somewhere here to-night that's come to pick pockets. I can't point thee out, but God knows thee; there thou art, and thy name is Thief. Thou hast been in jail, and unless thou repent thou wilt lie forever in the dark damned cell of everlasting death. But glory to God, my Jesus is a thief-Saviour, and his blood can wash thee; and if thou wilt commit thyself to him his Holy Spirit will cleanse thee, and make thee an honest man here, and an heir of his eternal glory. And then thou shalt not want to steal; for as sure as God gives thee life in thy soul, he'll give thee a jacket to thy back.

"O adulterer, thou art before me here, and the woman that is not thy wife sits beside thee. And thy children, what shall we call them? We wont call them, but there they are. Thou art so hard of heart that thou wilt blight that woman's soul, and blast her life on earth, and drag her down with thee to hell at last. O adulterer, thou shalt

be hurled out of a world of mercy into the burning gulf. But Christ loves thee yet, and he will save thee and thine if you come to him, and will give thee and them a new name and an eternal inheritance in the glory-land.

“And there’s a girl yonder who remembers how her mother laid her hand upon her head, and warned her against the dangers of which this world is full, and told her that the love of Jesus was the only thing to keep her pure. Ah, my poor sister, you can feel that mother’s dying breath upon your face as she kissed you the last time, and begged her darling Mary, or Elizabeth, or Anne, or Martha to decide for God, and be washed clean forevermore in the blood of the Lamb. But you didn’t do it, and you’re here to-night, and you’re a prostitute. May God save you! There’s plenty of people at the present time that spurn the poor street-walker, and ladies will draw their dress around them as they pass. My God! they’re some mother’s children; and they’ve been held to her loving breast, and dandled on a father’s knee; and God loves them, and Jesus died for them; and may be some of them will be borne in Jesus’s arms

“In heaven above, where all is love,”



while you are shrieking in the blue flames of hell, and howling in the pit of dark damnation. May God save you!

"Though all the devils in hell got upon a damned man's shoulders, he would never sink to the bottom of that infinite abyss. But I tell you, man, I tell you, woman, here to-night, that my Lord can save you. My Jesus drank the cup of God's wrath, bled upon the cross, and went down into the dark grave, that you might be forgiven your iniquities, and love him and live with him in his joy forever. May Heaven help you to receive him into your hearts to-night!"

After an appeal of this kind at Birmingham, a gentleman called in a very perturbed condition at the house where our friend was entertained. Being told that Mr. Weaver was at home, he said, "Tell him that here is the Adulterer. He can't go home. He wants to speak to him. When he came into the room he fell flat on the floor. He was greatly terrified, and tore his hair crying, "Lord, do forgive me." After lying there some time he got up and said he was a married man and a member of a Christian Church, but had been living in the sin *which* the Holy Spirit of God had thus

brought home with agony to his conscience, and fanned into a fire unquenchable save by the blood of Christ. His heart was sprinkled from an evil conscience then, God in mercy saving him thus from the undying worm and the fire that never shall be quenched.

Having fulfilled his ministry at Birmingham, where many were added to the Lord, Weaver returned to Darlaston, and preached during the wake, by day in the open air, and at night in the chapel. On his way home one night he came to a public-house, outside which was a band of musicians sitting round a table on which their drink was set. He asked them if they could play "The Bleeding Lamb," and one of them said "Yes." He would give them a shilling, Richard said, if they would play it; but they admitted that they did not know it. Then he told them he would sing it for them, and began,

"In evil long I took delight,  
Unawed by shame or fear,  
Till a new object met my sight,  
And stopped my wild career.  
O the Lamb, the bleeding Lamb,  
The Lamb on Calvary :  
The Lamb that was slain, that liveth again,  
To intercede for me."

After singing this hymn he prayed with

them, and they offered to play a long meter tune, which they did while he sang a hymn to it. He then spoke to them, and one of them took him by the hand, saying, "The Lord bless thee. Thou art right and we are wrong."

As he passed by another public-house he heard the sound of music and dancing inside. He walked in, and knelt down among them and prayed. The fiddle and banjo stopped, the dancers all quitted the room, and when he arose he was left alone with the fiddler, who said, "I'll never come here again, Mr. Weaver." One of the bad men in the house threatened to shoot him, but the landlady took his part, and the next night as he passed he found the house closed at an early hour. Shortly after, a man who had been there drinking on the night of the dancing was brought to Christ.

## CHAPTER VIII.

RICHARD and his wife in the summer of 1859 paid a third visit to his mother. She was not, as on the previous occasions, at the stile to meet them, but was a confirmed invalid, a prisoner to be set at liberty only by the voice of her Lord, saying, "Come up hither." She was, however, to endure for some months longer before the hour of deliverance came. Her desire to hear her son once more was so strong that she induced his wife (for whom she entertained a warm affection) to help her out of bed, and seated by the window, wrapped in blankets, she listened while he preached in the chapel, which was very near the cottage.

A scene occurred at this time which Weaver related thus, when speaking at St. Martin's Hall, from the words of Simeon: "Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace according to thy word, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation."

"I remember, in the Sabbath-school of a village chapel, a little boy who was taught by an aged man with furrowed cheeks and

silvery hair. He used to put his hand upon the young scholar's head, and pray that God might bless him. One day the little boy was very noisy and rude in school, and when the teacher asked him to be quiet, the only reply he got was a kick on the leg from the lad, who told him to go to hell. The tears gushed to the old man's eyes ; he dropped upon his knees, and said, 'Lord, bless the lad. Before I depart may I see thy salvation in the saving of this lad's soul. The Lord bless thee, lad !' For some fifteen years after this the old man had never met the boy. He had gone constantly to the chapel, and he had gone there many a time when there had been no one but God and himself, and they had had a good meeting nevertheless. One day he received information that a certain young man was going to preach. He knew the name and said, 'I will go and hear him.' When he went into the chapel the young man was preaching, in his way. The old man knelt down ; after the other had done speaking he held up his feeble hands, and raising his dim eyes to heaven, said, 'Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace according to thy word, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation.'

The young man preached all that week in the same village; the blessing of God was largely poured out upon the people, and numbers were brought to a knowledge of the truth through the blood of the Lamb. At the end of the week he was called to attend the dying bed of a very old man. When he went into his room the aged wife was at his bedside weeping, as much as to say, 'O Lord, let me depart with him.' As soon as the young preacher approached the dying man's bed, the latter caught hold of his hand, saying, 'O, my dear young friend, you forget me, don't you?' 'O no, I don't forget you,' was the reply. 'Do you remember me in that school,' continued he, 'putting my hand upon your head, and asking God to bless you?' 'O yes,' said the young man. 'Thank God, then,' said the other, 'for now my prayer is answered; I can now die happy in the Lord.' Then he asked them to sing his favorite hymn, 'All is well.' His speech seemed gone, but his daughter, who was anxious that he should leave behind him a triumphant testimony to the truth, asked him, 'Now, if you can speak, father, tell me all is well; and if not, hold up your hands.' The old man raised

himself up and with a dying effort cried out, 'Victory! victory! through the blood of the Lamb!' and almost immediately afterward departed. Thank God, that young man is here, and his name is Richard Weaver. Let God be praised for what Christ can do."

A few months later, (December, 1859,) finding that she was nearer the brink of the river, the praying mother sent to her son, desiring once more to see him. He found her, as he described her in his address at Edinburgh, "foot to foot with the last enemy." Not a murmur escaped her lips. She magnified the goodness of her faithful God; and when Richard began to speak of the long years in which she suffered the unkindness of her husband and the ingratitude of her children, and of her unchanged affection through it all, she stopped him by saying the Lord had never suffered her to be tempted beyond what she was able to bear, but had made her more than conqueror through Him that loved her; and now, though she had encountered many a rough storm, yet God had brought her to her end in peace. The Saviour was more precious to her now than ever, and she exhorted her son to be faithful

to the grace given him, and make Christ his confidence as long as he lived. He prayed with her, and as he knelt she laid her hands on his head, saying,

“Lord, bless my child. When he was a child, he knelt at my knee in the room below, by the old rocking-chair, and thou hast sent him now to kneel at my bedside, and cheer me through the dark valley. ‘Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me bless his holy name.’ Thou hast done me good and not evil all the days of my life.’ ‘I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand.’”

He bade her “good-by,” and she blessed him in the name of the Lord, crying after him as he left the room, “Farewell! The next time we meet it will not be in this old chamber, but in the land where parting is no more!”

Richard then returned home to Prescott, and afterward went to Sapcott, in Leicestershire, where many souls were saved, among them a bricklayer and his wife. The latter has since died triumphantly in the Lord.

After a brief sojourn at home he preached in the town-hall at Frodsham, in Cheshire, where also his work was blessed of God.



While there, in the beginning of 1860, he received intelligence of the death of his mother. A letter, written two days earlier, informing him of her serious illness, had not reached him in consequence of his being from home. He immediately started for Asterley, and arrived on the day of the funeral. When some one, before her death, asked her if she did think it unkind that Richard had not come to see her, she said, "No; he is about the Master's business. The Lord bless him."

Reflections sweet and sad crowded into his mind as he passed through the churchyard where his mother had so often led him when a child. He asked the sexton for whom the bell was tolling, and was told it was for an old woman from Asterley. He asked her name, and the sexton replied that it was Mary Weaver. "That's my mother," said he. As the churchyard was two miles from the house, and the funeral was expected soon, he waited for it, and on its arrival followed it unobserved into the church. When the coffin had been lowered into the grave, and the earth fell upon it as the clergyman said the words, "Ashes to ashes, *and dust to dust,*" her son stepped up to the

grave and said, "Yes, my mother, that pointed me to Christ, lies beneath that coffin-lid." Sweet is the rest after her so long and toilsome life. She sowed and her son reaps, and they shall rejoice together at the day of the manifestation of the sons of God.

After this Richard went to Liverpool, and preached on several successive evenings to crowded congregations in Brunswick Hall, and the slain of the Lord were many. On his way to the hall, on a Sunday evening, he was addressed by one of the poor ruined ones who throng the streets of Liverpool, as of most other large towns. She accosted him, and he invited her to accompany him: "I am going to a dancing room, will you be my partner?" The girl consented, and he gave her his arm. The hall was crowded when they arrived. She followed him nearly to the top, but seeing him ascend the platform, she found a seat in the body of the room. The Lord sent the word home to her heart, and she was made a happy believer in the Lord Jesus Christ.

## CHAPTER IX.

IN January, 1860, Mr. Radcliffe came to London with Mr. Brownlow North, where he remained the greater part of the year. In March he was invited to attend a tea-meeting, to which a number of chimney-sweeps were to be gathered, in Euston-room. Having other engagements, Mr. Radcliffe recommended that Weaver should be invited in his stead. Accordingly Weaver came, and all his past experiences were out-Heroded by the behavior of the sooty guests. During the repast they shouted, and hooted, and bellowed, in a style which astonished even him. After tea they could not for some time be quieted, and Weaver said to a gentleman at his side, "I could get them quiet." "Ah, you don't know the London sweeps," replied the gentleman. After ineffectual attempts had been made to address them, Weaver got up and said, "Now, lads, silence, while I sing you a song. Now, Jim, thee keep Jack quiet." This style of address appeared to take with them, and they, *with few exceptions*, composed themselves

for the singing; one of the exceptional cases being well shaken by his next neighbor, who told him, "Now, if thee don't be quiet I'll turn thee out." "That's it," they said; "let us have a song." Accordingly, Richard sang,

"Glory be to God on high."

They soon caught the chorus, and joined in with it, and when it was over they kicked and stamped their approbation.

Another attempt was made to speak to them, but they were as obstreperous as before, and Weaver rose again with, "Now, lads, silence, and I'll sing again." "That's him," said they; "he'll sing for us." So he sang,

"On the other side of Jordan,"

and

"There'll be no more sorrow there."

They listened after this to two or three brethren who spoke to them, and many wept when Weaver told them the touching stories of which his addresses are always full. Afterward, the friends who had convened the meeting conversed freely with their guests. The results were most cheering. Many remained to inquire the way of salva-

tion, and some date their conversion from that night.

He then again visited Leicestershire, where he had a narrow escape of his life. A friend was driving him in a carriage, the wheels of which came into collision with another vehicle, and they were thrown out, but, providentially, not seriously injured. His word was blessed at Hinckley to a large number of men and women. One of his converts was a butcher, a big, boisterous man, who was a terror to his family and neighbors; but he was brought under deep conviction of sin, and at length found peace in believing.

Weaver's next sphere of labor was Sheffield. The gentleman who was instrumental in taking him there has kindly written the following account of his visit, and of the circumstances which led to it:

"I believe that Weaver's first introduction to a London auditory was at that sweeps' meeting. I attended it to hear him, at dear Radcliffe's request. A dear friend of mine, expressing much interest for the spiritual welfare of his native town, had asked me what he could do, that a few drops of the blessing which was visiting other places

might fall there. I urged him to try and get up union prayer-meetings. These he told me had been tried, but were a failure. I then suggested theater services, offering to find the men if he would secure the theater. In a few days, to my surprise, (as my friend is a great invalid,) I received a note from him, stating that he had taken the theater for a month, and calling upon me to fulfill my engagement as to the men. I spoke to Mr. Radcliffe, and he suggested that I should hear Mr. Carter at the Marylebone theater, and obtain his services. He also told me that his dear brother, Richard Weaver, (whose labors I had become acquainted with when in Chester with Mr. Radcliffe, a year or two previously,) was for the first time in London, and going to address a meeting of sweeps at Mr. Carter's room in the Euston Road. Should I not be successful with Mr. Carter, I could possibly prevail with Weaver. Mr. Carter was not able to go the first Sunday, (though he kindly took the second and third,) and I therefore attended the sweeps' meeting.

“My first introduction to Weaver was with his now well-known face wrapped round with a white pocket-handkerchief,

because of the draught in the doorway in which he stood for want of room. He was then singing the hymn,

‘On the other side of Jordan,’

and never shall I forget the effect produced on the meeting. I felt he was the man for the roughest of the roughs of Sheffield ; and I have heard thousands of them singing that hymn while quietly waiting for admission at the theater and circus there. A few copies were printed at first, and when the fact was known, a most fearful rush was made for them on the stage ; and various sums up to sixpence were offered for the card on which they were printed.

“I had some difficulty in getting his consent to go to Sheffield, but the talismanic name of his friend Radcliffe decided him. He was to meet me on a certain day at Charing Cross, to receive cash for the journey, and some instruction as to his *locale*. I was at the spot appointed, but no Weaver. It happened to be the day when the Queen held a *levée*, to receive the Volunteer Officers. Some person had told him this, and he went to get a peep at the Queen. To find him in such a crowd was a difficult task, but I succeeded. I asked him what he would have

done had I not seen him. 'O it would not have troubled me,' said he; 'I knew it was God's work, and he would find the means. It would not have been the first time I had been in such circumstances. I had been preaching once in a school-room in the north, and the next morning I was going to — to give an address. When I asked the fare at the station I found it was a pound. I had but twopence, but I spread it before the Lord; and I said, "Lord, thou knowest I have but twopence, and I need a pound." I had just finished my short prayer, when a person touched me on the shoulder, and said, "I think you are Mister Weaver." "I don't know," says I, "about Mister; I am Richard Weaver." "I heard you last night. Where are you going?" I told him. "I am going there too. Which class are you going in?" I said I did not know; no more I did! "Never mind," said he, "I am going second; I'll pay for you, it's just a pound." I went with him, saying nothing then. When we came to the end of our journey he said, "Mr. Weaver, I am not a rich man, and I know you are a poor man; but if two half-crowns are of any use to you in your Master's work you are kindly welcome."



I could not help then telling him what a Father mine was. It was just like him. I asked him for a pound, and he gave me five-and-twenty shillings.'

"Mr. Radcliffe met me at Sheffield, and we had a preliminary meeting, at which much prayer was offered. Many persons remained to be spoken to; and I trust that meeting was not without result. The first Sunday evening the theater was crowded, (holding about three thousand,) and hundreds went away. It was a great success, as far as the class for which the services were intended was concerned. Hundreds of men who professedly never attended any place of worship were present. I need not detail the effects now; you have since witnessed them again and again in London. Many remained to be conversed and prayed with, and we have had, after some months, most cheering accounts of souls converted to God. Two or three gentlemen of different denominations took part in the services, by reading the Scriptures, giving out hymns, and praying. The theater was given up, and the circus taken, as it held more. The lessee of the theater, I am bound to say, behaved in a very kind manner, not only

charging moderately, but expressing a desire to contribute toward the good work; and, when that was refused, insisting upon paying those parties connected with the theater who had rendered essential service. The services were continued for nine Sundays, and were conducted by laymen of different denominations, Episcopal, Independent, Baptist, Wesleyan, and Brethren, of various ranks in life, from a collier to a physician."

The following statement, written twelve months afterward, gives the results of this visit:

"Mrs. T., at whose house Mr. Weaver stayed when in Sheffield, appears to know a good deal about the results of your Christian liberality in the preaching at the theater. She says that there are ten connected with the chapel she attends who date their conversion from those services. One man at a recent love-feast spoke of his having first received his spiritual good at the theater. She has, a while ago, been at Parkgate, and there she found a number of workmen, who say they will have reason to bless God throughout eternity for the good they received at those services. Mrs. T. recollects

these men being among the penitents at the theater, and is sure that great good was done at that time."

Our friend returned from Sheffield to London in June, (1860.) When the weather permitted, he preached in Cumberland-market, as advertised, adjoining to the Euston-room, whither inquirers were invited ; and where from eight o'clock to ten, or later, he and other brethren addressed or spoke individually to seeking souls. When unable to go out of doors, he preached in Euston-room to crowded audiences of the poorest men and women we had ever seen gathered together to hear of Jesus and consider eternal things.

It was at once evident that a preacher of an unusual order had come among us. A man of rough speech, using hard words ; not toning down the everlasting realities of life and death, heaven and hell, to please the ear, but describing the terrors of hell and the torments of the damned with an imagery gathered from the dense darkness of the coal-pit, the flames of the fire-damp, and the suffocating vapor of the choke-damp. He had seen men killed at his side, had often *marvelously* escaped himself, and knew that

in the great majority of cases accidents by which individuals or multitudes were suddenly destroyed were the effect of negligence, indifference, or carelessness. Moreover, he had, as we have said, stood by hundreds of dying beds, and heard the death-howl of the lost as they sank into the everlasting burning, and it could not be but that out of a college such as this should issue a prophet after the pattern of Elijah or John, a man of the desert, clad in a rough garment, feeding on wilderness fare, and crying, "The God that answereth by fire, let him be God."

Thus did Weaver preach. Sometimes with more apparent liberty and power, but always with yearning earnestness exhorting the unsaved to flee from the wrath to come. God in his mercy has put words of terror into the mouths of some of his servants in these days. Prophets have prophesied smooth things, and the people have loved to have it so, while thousands have perished every day whose epitaph God writes, "Damned! damned!"

Notwithstanding wide dissimilarity in many respects, there is one feature of resemblance in the preaching of Mr. Brow-

low North and Richard Weaver. One of the grand truths of revelation is that there is a hell to be shunned and a heaven to be gained. The Bible declares hell and heaven to be the respective termini of the broad and narrow ways. These men do not shrink to declare in this particular the whole counsel of God. And this is true also of Mr. Radcliffe, and more or less of faithful preachers at all times. *Hell* and *damnation* are words well nigh blotted out of our vocabulary, because the things they signify have been almost driven from our thoughts; but has God abolished them? Is "the damnation of hell," the inevitable doom of "Scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites?" Then, watchman, "if thou givest not warning, nor speakest to warn the wicked from his wicked way, the same wicked man shall die in his iniquity, but his blood will I require at thine hand."

Weaver knows the terror of the Lord lest the blood of murdered souls should stain his skirts.

"Will you," he says, "cry 'Fire! FIRE! FIRE!' to the sleeping inmates of a burning house, and shall not I shout 'Hell-fire! HELL-FIRE! HELL-FIRE!' to my brothers

and my sisters who sleep upon the brink of everlasting woe? If you had stood by the death-beds I have stood by, and heard the dying shrieks of lost souls going down to the fiery lake of hell, you'd say, 'Richard, talk about it; they want to be warned.' Some people say, 'Tell me about the joys of heaven, about "There is a land of pure delight," as much as you've a mind to; but this talk about hell unnerves me.' If you can't bear to hear about it, how will you bear to feel it? How many of you mothers are suckling your children for hell? One says, 'I am not.' Yes, you are, if you're not a child of God by faith in Jesus Christ. There was a young man condemned at Chester, and when the judge put on his black cap and sentenced him to be hanged by the neck till he was dead, his mother, who stood near, wrung her hands, and cried, 'O my son! O my son!' But the son turned upon her with 'Mother, you're the cause.' O mothers, think of that before it be too late.

"One night, after I had gone to rest, I was awakened by a knocking at the door of my house. An old man was there, who said, 'O Mr. Weaver, come and pray for my poor

child.' I went, and O! that fearful sight. There was the mother on her knees, crying, 'O God, save my poor child. O Lord, have mercy upon her.' The young husband says, 'O Richard, pray for my dear wife. O my my poor wife, my poor wife.' And there lay the dying wife and mother, with the death-sweat upon her brow and horror in her voice, shouting, 'O I'm damned. I'm sinking into hell. O, William, my dear husband, O train my child for heaven; I am dying and hell is my doom. Take him to my grave, and tell him his mother is damned. O, my babe, your mother is being damned!' And while her poor husband groaned, 'O that my wife had never been born!' she tore her hair and screamed, 'Can't you save me? O, husband, save me.' And so she died, with those awful words, 'I'm damned.'"

But these dark pictures have a bright reverse, and the man of God, who rightly divides the word of truth, is not forgetful to declare that days of heaven upon the earth are the portions of God's true people, and to set forth the fullness of joy in the presence of God, and pleasures for evermore at his *right hand*. And so with Richard Weaver.

If he has been taught of God to utter terrible things, he has also been instructed in the "more excellent way" of love; and you will hear him tell of other scenes, with a pathos and tenderness of voice and manner which show what affectionateness of heart and what delicacy of mind may be developed, by the grace of God, in one who has been employed in the roughest labor and addicted to the coarsest vice. Few could restrain their tears while they heard him tell the following story, singing the portions of the hymn where they occur:

"I knew a collier in Staffordshire who had one dear little girl, the last of four or five. This child was the light of his eyes; and as he came from the pit at night she used to meet him at the door of his cot to welcome him home. One day when he came in to dinner he missed his little darling, and going into the house with his heavy coal-pit clogs, his wife called him up stairs. The stillness of the place and her quiet voice made his heart sick, and a foreboding of evil came upon him. His wife told him they were going to lose their little lamb; she had had a convulsive fit, and the doctor said she couldn't live. As the tears made furrows down his



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black face, and as he leaned over his dying darling, she said, 'Daddy, sing,

'Here is no rest, is no rest.'

"No, my child, I can't sing; I'm choking; I can't sing.'

"O do, daddy, sing "Here is no rest."

"The poor fellow tried to sing,

'Here o'er the earth as a stranger I roam,  
Here is no rest, is no rest.'

But his voice could make no way against his trouble. Then he tried again, for he wanted to please his sweet little girl.

'Here are afflictions and trials severe,  
Here is no rest, is no rest;  
Here I must part with the friends I hold dear,  
Yet I am blest, I am blest.

Again his voice was choked with weeping; but the little one whispered, 'Come, daddy, sing, "Sweet is the promise,"' and the poor father goes on again,

'Sweet is the promise I read in thy word,  
Blessed are they who have died in the Lord,  
They have been called to receive their reward;  
There, there is rest; there is rest.'

"That's it, daddy,' cried the child, 'that's it;' and with her arms round the collier's neck, she died happy in the Lord."

On another occasion, preaching in a ragged school room, where a number of poor women were among the congregation, he said :

“There’ll be no grave-diggers in the land of glory, no funerals in heaven. My dear women, there’ll be no black bonnets there, nor no ragged schools. No thirsting, growling, sinning, swearing, lying, thieving, there. You poor people that have to make bricks without straw, there’ll be an end to your straw-gathering just now. ‘We’re going to Canaan’s happy shore.’ Take heed, you that aren’t bound thither, you will have the devil for your task-master in hell ; he’ll grind you down for ever. But come with us, and we will do you good. May Jesus help you to come into his chariot of love to-night !”

Those poor women showed how they appreciated the naturalness and grace with which the preacher walked round an imaginary bed, when appealing to mothers who had little ones before the throne :

“Didn’t you walk round their little cot at night, to see they were sweetly asleep, shading the candle with your hand, that they mightn’t wake ? You are fain to kiss their gravestone now they are gone to heaven. ‘O,’ you think, ‘if I could lay hold

on his little hand ! if I could but kiss her dear lips, as I kissed them before she died !' Ah, mothers, there'll be a grand meeting-day for you that love the Lord. Your little one'll come and say, 'Mother, it's me, dressed all in white. I was poverty-stricken and parish-buried, but I wasn't God-left or Christ-neglected !' Dear poor men and women, be you never so poor, Jesus is rich enough ; and if you believe in him you shall never want any good thing."

Nor is Weaver's preaching made up of anecdote, whether joyful or terrible ; nor yet of appeals to natural feeling. Few men have greater power of vividly picturing the scenes which he describes. And the narratives of the Old Testament, and the parables and miracles of the New, are frequently presented so vividly to the mind's eye, that hearers listen with breathless attention to a story with which they have been familiar all their life. To illustrate this, though very imperfectly, may be quoted a fragmentary sketch of the parable of the lost sheep :

" Now, this woman that lost her piece of silver, wasn't it just natural that she should think more of that one than of the other *nine she had got safe in her purse ?* And

wasn't it just natural that the man should care more about his one lost sheep than about the ninety-nine that hadn't strayed away? Here's a farmer owns a hundred sheep. Well, at night he counts 'em, and he makes one short. He goes over them again; perhaps he's reckoned wrong. No, it's only ninety-nine again. He goes in to his wife, who is sitting by the kitchen fire, waiting till he comes to supper, 'Why, lass, there's one gone. Poor thing, he must have got over the wall.' (Ah! the devil's always ready to help a poor sheep of Christ's over the wall.) He starts in search of him. By and by he sees the footmarks; ah, thither he is! But now he has to mind where he treads; he has to make a spring now and then over some boggy place, and the land is all sopping wet. But he sees the track of the wanderer, and now he hears, 'Ba-a,' and the great soft eyes of the creature stare up at him from a quagmire, as if to say, 'O, master, help me out.' He takes him up, and puts him over his shoulders, and the black mud drips down his jacket; but he doesn't mind that. At last he comes to the brook that skirts his orchard, and there he washes all the filth away; and the poor thing trots

into the fold with such a happy bleat, as if to say, 'Thank you, sir.' Now that's how Jesus fetches back his wanderer. Only he doesn't put him across his shoulders; he puts him in his bosom, and then he takes and washes him in the fountain opened for sin and for uncleanness, the fountain filled with his own precious blood. That's what he did for me eight years ago. And that's what he is ready to do for you. Halleluiah! He can save to-night."

But above and beyond all, the one great central fact in all his preaching is, the blood of Christ the atonement for all sin, and immediate salvation as the result of simple faith in Jesus as the sinner's substitute. There may have been sometimes much of anecdote, and description, and appeal; but it all revolved round this center, and was all made to bear on the certainty of instant salvation to the sinner who trusts in the blood of the Lamb. For example, in the following passage there is an appeal to human affection which none could hear unmoved; but to the heart so touched by the description of its own poverty or sorrow is presented the Balm of Gilead and the Good Physician.

*"I went the other day into a gipsy's tent;*

there was a poor woman there. I saw hanging up a little bag made of beads. I said, 'I'll give you five shillings for that.' (I didn't want it, but I thought she wanted the money.) 'No,' she said with tears in her eyes, 'I can't sell that; my little girl made it, who is gone to heaven I hope.' O the mother's love! O men, O women, O all you lads and girls who've got loved ones gone to glory, wont you follow them? May Heaven help you to decide to-night! If you could put your ear on the shore of eternity you would hear no cry or groan. Poor men, all your poverty will be here; there will be none in heaven. You that can hardly buy a rag for your wife; you mothers, that put your children to bed and wash their clothes, and dry them while they sleep, only take Jesus for your portion, who, though he was rich, for your sakes became poor, that you through his poverty might be rich.'

"I imagine I see a little boy tripping up the street of a certain town singing 'Hosanna to the Son of David!' A poor afflicted woman stands on her door-step and hears the child. 'What is that you say?' she asks, as he is passing by her house. 'O,' says

he, 'haven't you heard about Jesus of Nazareth? He's cured blind Bartimeus that used to sit at the wayside begging; and he has raised a young man to life that was being carried to his grave; and healed ten lepers all at once; and the people that have sick relations bring them and lay them at his feet, and he cures them all. And those who have no friends to bring them, if they can only just touch him are made perfectly whole.' 'O,' cries the poor woman, 'if that's true, he can cure my bloody issue that I've been tormented with these twelve years. When will he be here, my little man?' 'Why,' says the child, 'he'll be here directly. He's coming this way. There! don't you hear the noise of the multitude? Look! here they come. Hosanna! hosanna! to the Son of David!' and away goes the little boy to tell his mother that the Prophet she has taught him to look for is come at last. 'Well, I'll go,' says the poor thing timidly. 'I'll get behind him. Maybe he wont pity me; but that dear little lad said as many as touched him were made whole: I'll go and try, however.' I imagine I see the poor weak creature, who has spent all her living *on physicians* that only made her worse,

drawing her tattered shawl around her and wriggling her way through the crowd. They push her aside, but she says, 'I'll try again.' She winds to the right, then to the left; now nearer, and the next minute further off than ever. But still she perseveres, although she seems to have so little chance of getting through the throng, which is thickest round the man she wants. Well done, poor woman! Try again; it's for your life, you know. That bloody issue will be your death if you don't get it cured, and a touch of his clothes will do it. I imagine I hear one rudely asking the fainting creature, 'Where are you pushing to? You've got a bloody issue; you've no business here.' 'Ah,' she answers, 'I see there a man whose like I never saw before. Let me but touch his garment, and I shall be as well as any of you.' And now another step or two, and she can hear his gentle voice speaking kindly to Jairus as he walks home with him to heal his little daughter lying at the point of death. The woman stretches out her hand, but she isn't near enough. Another step—yes, now she touches; it is but the hem of his garment; but it is all she needs. Glory to Jesus! her issue of blood is dried, and



immediately she feels in her body that she is healed. Glory to Jesus! she touched, and was made perfectly whole. And if there was virtue in his garment, isn't there efficacy in his blood? May God help you to come to Christ to-night!"

It has been said that Weaver speaks a great deal about himself. Few men have so much to tell. Paul was continually repeating the story of his conversion, and in his epistles he constantly illustrates his subject by reference to his own outward and inward history, whereas the other evangelists and apostles never do so. The reason doubtless is, that Paul had had a very remarkable experience, which the others had not; and if he had abstained from alluding to himself he would have missed one great object for which that experience had been given, and failed to use one of his most effectual weapons in his dealings with sinners and with saints. Yet Paul preached not himself, but Christ Jesus the Lord; and if Weaver speaks of his own experience it is because in him Jesus Christ showed forth all longsuffering, for a pattern to them which should *hereafter* believe on him to life everlasting.

## CHAPTER X.

DURING the month of June (1860) Weaver continued his labors at various places in London with great success, and souls were converted (at least so far as man could judge) on every occasion.

In the beginning of July he went into Leicestershire; and at Sapcott, Hinckley, and other places his word was owned of God, and some very unlikely persons were brought to the knowledge of the truth.

On his return to London, St. Martin's Hall was taken by the publishers of "The Revival" for two successive weeks, half the expenses of the second week being guaranteed by a gentleman who had himself been recently converted under Mr. Radcliffe, and who had seen the good effected during the first week's services. Every night, Sunday and week-day, working-men and women, and not a few of the classes above and below them, crowded the hall. Thousands of the poor and neglected, who had been accustomed to attend no place of worship, and had seldom or never heard the sound of a

preached gospel, thronged to hear the good news of a finished salvation from the lips of the converted collier.

On the first evening, while he was preaching, a person made his way to the platform desiring to say a word. Cries of "Order" came from many parts of the hall, but the preacher begged that the gentleman might be allowed to speak. He did so. He said he had heard Mr. Weaver preach in the Borough two nights before, and when the appeal came for the anxious ones to hold up their hands he had shrunk from doing so. But he came to St. Martin's Hall that night to hold up his hand for Christ. He was obliged to leave then, but could not go without making this declaration. "There," said Weaver, "I told you to let him speak. I thought he had something good to say."

During the week following these preachings at St. Martin's Hall, three meetings for young converts and inquirers were held in one of the smaller rooms, which were attended by many who had found peace with God, and many who had been awakened to seek it during the previous fortnight in the hall above. The last of these meetings was held on Saturday night, (August 25, 1860.)

and early on the following morning the hall was burned down, together with an extensive coach factory adjoining, in which the fire originated.

During his sojourn in London Weaver preached at Barnet; on one occasion addressing the orphans of the Crimean soldiers, and other children, under the care of the estimable clergyman of that place, (Rev. W. Pennefather.) Indeed, his remarkably happy way of interesting children develops some very lovable features in his character, and some of the elements conducing to his success.

After the close of the services at St. Martin's Hall, he preached at various chapels in London, and also at Woolwich, where the blessing of God still attended his labors. And if now, at any of the meetings where the young converts are found, you go among the inquirers and those who remain to direct them to Jesus, you will in all probability find some to tell you that they date their conversion from a certain evening, when Richard Weaver preached at some school-room, or chapel, or hall, or theater.

At the end of August Weaver was strongly pressed to take part in some open-

air gatherings in Scotland, meetings of a similar kind having already been greatly blessed at Huntly, Aberdeen, and Perth, invitations to which he had not accepted on account of the work in and around London. He joined Mr. Radcliffe at Perth on August 30, and the same evening gave an address at the City Hall. The results of his visit to Perth are thus stated by the Rev. John Milne, in a letter dated May 17, 1861:

“The revival had begun and made some progress before Mr. Weaver reached us; but we all felt that he helped us not a little. I felt my heart drawn to him at once, as a man of special gift and grace, and whom God had peculiarly trained for an important service. This impression was deepened and confirmed by all our subsequent intercourse in public and private. He began his work at Perth, as elsewhere, by singing one of his hymns, ‘Christ for me.’ This was a novelty in Scotland, and startled not a few; but I know that God blessed it at once to some. One young man, belonging to my own flock, who had been for several days in a state of deplorable distress, crying, ‘I am found wanting, wanting,’ found all he needed while *that hymn was being sung, and became from*

that moment one of our happiest and most devoted converts, his face ever bright, and his hand ever ready for every good work. He told my wife some considerable time after, 'Jesus is ever with me; I cannot eat my meat without him.'

"It was a memorable time; the Spirit was present in great power, and no one seemed to let down the net without some blessing. But Mr. Radcliffe and Mr. Weaver were greatly used, though perhaps in different ways. Many ascribe their awakening or settlement in the truth, to the addresses or personal dealing of Mr. Weaver, and we all long for a second visit and another refreshment. He has left a most favorable and abiding impression in Perth, and he has very many well-wishers there."

On leaving Perth the people sent, through Mrs. Radcliffe, a present of nearly twenty pounds to Mrs. Weaver, with a very kind note, containing many expressions of love and regard to her husband. "It was," says Mrs. Radcliffe, "a very affecting scene at our taking leave of the kind people of Perth."

On September 3d they left Perth for Glasgow. They stopped two hours at Crieff, the largest village in Scotland, where an open-

air meeting had been prearranged, at which Weaver spoke at length. Mr. Radcliffe invited the anxious to the other side of the field, while the ministers present continued the meeting. To their surprise hundreds followed them, though they had not seemed much affected during the preaching. One old woman, who had been seeking peace for years, jumped up and kissed Weaver before them all; and a minister subsequently told Mr. Radcliffe that whole families lay awake all night, too overjoyed to sleep. They arrived at Braco, another village, at four o'clock, and left at five. The villagers assembled, Bible in hand, and Mr. Radcliffe and Weaver addressed them. At dusk they reached Stirling, and after tea had a meeting in the Corn Exchange. From twenty to thirty came to the meeting for inquirers on the following morning. The same afternoon they arrived at Glasgow.

On the two following days (Sept. 5, 6,) great open-air gatherings were held on the Green at Glasgow, of which Mr. Gordon Forlong says:

"Three or four cases of loud wailing were heard, and one or two which might be called *prostration*; but the cases in general were

all very calm ; deep earnestness, but few outward manifestations. The addresses delivered by Richard Weaver attracted much attention, and his hymns took a strong hold of the people. A minister and some others who told me they did not quite approve of the hymns or the tunes, said that they caught themselves joining in them, and giving the chorus. I believe Weaver's visit to Glasgow has been blessed. An adjoining theater was opened for inquirers, and I can testify that souls in a right state frequented it, and numbers of ministers and others labored all day in the pit of this theater, and on the platform, and in adjoining rooms, and in the gallery, with anxious souls."

"Among the stricken ones, says Mrs. Radcliffe, "was a girl who rose up saying, 'May I pray?' She knelt down with a companion on each side, and said, 'O Lord forgive me for striking the minister that Sunday.' (Referring to a row at the Wynds, where the Roman Catholics had assaulted Mr. M'Coll, the minister of the Wynds and Brigade churches.) 'Forgive my companion on my right, and my companion on my left.' On this, the girl on her right fell down stricken, and remained long unconscious, except



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when Jesus was named, at which she moved her lips as though in token of assent. In an hour she began to sing slowly and sweetly,

‘Happy day, happy day,  
When Jesus washed my sins away.’

A light like sunshine overspread her face, and continued there, reminding me that ‘it is sown in corruption, it is raised in incorruption; it is sown in dishonor, it is raised in glory.’”

Meanwhile Weaver had been advertised in London to preach on four successive Sunday evenings at the Victoria Theater. He came from Scotland to fulfill his engagement on the first occasion, and returned next day. This, of course, could not be continued. His health gave way under his incessant labor, and on the three following Sunday evenings William Carter supplied his place. Doubtless this was the Lord’s ordering. Mr. Carter was greatly blessed, and was thus made better known as one of God’s chosen vessels than might otherwise have been the case.

Open-air gatherings were held at Paisley, Greenock, and Saltcoats, in September, which were greatly blessed. Messrs. Radcliffe and Weaver went thence to Irvine

and to Kilmarnock, where there was a great work among the colliers and miners. On the 30th they preached in the Music Hall at Chester. Mr. Radcliffe then returned to Edinburgh, while Weaver rested at home for a week, being in very feeble health. The friends who had taken Victoria Theater, and announced Weaver to preach there, desiring to redeem their pledge to the public, engaged it for two further Sunday evenings, and on October 7th and 14th Weaver was at his post, and the Lord was with him. He seemed quite worn out, and great fears were entertained of his breaking down altogether. But the power of Christ rested on him; great blessing attended his preaching; numbers were convinced of sin, and numbers more brought into the glorious liberty of the children of God.

On the Monday morning following the last of these services, Weaver left London for Edinburgh. He arrived on Tuesday morning, and preached at the Assembly Hall, and afterward at John Knox's church, the same night. There were many inquirers in both places. "The Spirit of God wounded," he writes, "and the blood of Christ healed." The following morning he accompanied Mr

and Mrs. Radcliffe and a few Christian ladies to the Calton Jail. Weaver spoke in the center division to about eighty female prisoners. Mrs. Radcliffe says: "The women's ward was a long white-washed passage. The chaplain clapped his hands twice, and my poor degraded sisters crept out, each carrying a three-legged seat, which she placed at her cell-door and sat upon. Weaver spoke with much love and tenderness, entreating them to look to Jesus at once. The good chaplain (as well as the governor) showed us every kindness, and both were united in wishing blessing to come to the place. The chaplain asked all the women who would like the visitors to come to their cells, to ring their bells. We then retired, and as we stood in that quiet, hopeless, empty passage, bell after bell rang, and a small black flag stood out above the door, bearing the number of the cell, to direct us where to go. I was much struck by the air of contentment and joy on the countenance of the inmate of one cell which I entered. She told me, with a smiling face, that she had been led to Jesus by the chaplain during her imprisonment. Another poor girl asked Weaver to go and tell her mother in the

High-street that she had found Jesus that day." Weaver says there were thirty or forty under conviction; as he went into their cells he found them on their knees crying to God to save them, and he believed that many found peace in believing.

From the prison they went to an extensive gutta-percha factory, where he preached to the work-people during their dinner hour. The next day they went again to the jail to speak to the men. The prisoners were gathered in the chapel, and did not look so desolate as the women had done the day before on their stools outside the doors of their cells. One man said that while Mr. Radcliffe was speaking his burden fell off, and he found rest in Jesus. Mr. Radcliffe paid the fines of one or two who were in for disorderly conduct, and one of them was found in the Canongate the same night, telling other men of what God had done for his soul.

Weaver was announced to preach one day at the foot of the Canongate. A platform was erected, and at nine o'clock five thousand people had collected, and in the afternoon, at five, the crowd was estimated at fifteen to twenty thousand. On the follow-

ing evening he preached at Richmond-place Chapel. Every seat was occupied long before the time, and when the preacher had got in, the noise outside was so great that he was obliged to go and preach outside first, walking on the shoulders of the congregation, and returning in the same manner. The next day, in consequence of the throng being so great, the men and women were divided, Mr. Radcliffe preaching to the women in the Tabernacle, and Weaver to the men in Rev. Moody Stewart's chapel.

A midnight tea meeting for cabmen and their wives was held in Richmond-place Chapel, from which great good resulted; and shortly after, a similar meeting for fallen women, followed by a breakfast and noon-day meeting for the same a few days later. To this meeting seven hundred were invited; four hundred came. On the left of the pulpit were those who had given in their names as willing to be reclaimed after the midnight meeting. A lady who was present says, "Never will those who were permitted to remain in the succeeding hours, to watch how the Lord Jesus wounded deeper or began to heal the hearts he was binding to *himself* for ever, forget their privilege."

On the 21st a farewell meeting was held in the Music Hall, the most notable feature of which was the testimony of the justly-esteemed Dr. Guthrie to the labors of the two evangelists who were now about to leave them. In the course of a deeply interesting address he said :

“ Just before leaving my house to-day I talked with a very worthy old woman, who was there sewing and stitching. Said I, ‘ Have you heard Mr. Weaver ? ’ The answer was, ‘ Yes. ’ ‘ And what do you think of him ? ’ ‘ Well, ’ was the answer, ‘ he says some things that the genteel folks do not like ; but he just suits us. ’ There is very much in that. . . . Those people who are really persons of accomplished taste, of high education, and of exquisite sensibility, ought to bear with such as are able to speak directly to others in a language they can understand. Mr. Weaver is a man of that sort. He knows the devils with which the very lowest classes have to fight, the temptations they have to overcome, and the trials they have to endure. It is thus he has been enabled to do good, and much good has been done by him. ”

On November 22d the party all left Edin-

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burgh together, and were followed to the railway station by a multitude who testified their love and sorrow in many touching ways. They tried to sing,

“I have a Father in the promised land.”

but their voices were broken with weeping, and they were obliged to give it up.

In the beginning of December Weaver returned to London with Mr. Radcliffe. The first Sunday evening they preached at Exeter Hall, but afterward at the Surrey, City of London, and other theaters. Weaver preached on week-evenings at various chapels in and around London, and his labors were, as previously, greatly blessed in the conversion of souls.

After a few weeks, however, he was obliged, by failing health, to return home and rest. The quiet thus obtained was graciously made a time of refreshing to his spirit, as well as of restoration to health, and toward the end of January (1861) he was able to accept an invitation to Macclesfield, where he labored with great success. In February he went to Dublin, but was recalled after a few days by the death of his infant child. He then resumed his work at Mac-

clesfield, visiting also the neighboring towns of Rochdale, Congleton, Leek, and other smaller places. He does not exaggerate when he says, respecting Macclesfield, that "God moved the whole town," and this was equally the case at Congleton and Leek. Thousands of persons gave in their names as professing to have found Christ, and though it may be doubted that all these really received the washing of regeneration and renewing of the Holy Ghost, yet there is the evidence of a godly walk and conversation, that very many have indeed passed from death to life, and are new creatures in Christ Jesus. Several experience meetings were held, and it was impossible to listen to the language of some, who until a few weeks previously had been sunk in drunkenness and all its accompanying vice, without being convinced that at least the seed sown had been brought out of God's own garner.

It is not to be expected that the results of a preached gospel shall at this day be otherwise than the Great Sower himself foretold. Now, as then, some seed falls by the wayside, some in stony places, and others among thorns. But if we ourselves are in the light,



as God is in the light, we shall see fruit where others see none. While blind Pharisees quote Scripture to prove where Messiah is, and where he is not born, and do not know him when he comes: to the man who waits for the consolation of Israel the Lord's Christ shall be revealed, and widows indeed, who serve God with fasting and prayers night and day, shall instantly and with thanks discern him in the temple where he dwells.

There is that in the experience of some souls which answers to the carrying away of Christ into Egypt from the sword of Herod. He is lost sight of; and shepherds may persuade themselves that the angels' song they heard was but a dream, and wise men think that the star they followed was, after all, a meteor of the earth, and the Child they worshiped a false Messiah; but as surely as Jesus is born in Bethlehem, he shall reappear at Nazareth; and though his very ambassador, after crying, "Behold the Lamb of God!" may send and ask, "Art thou he that should come, or do we look for another?" yet his works shall in due time draw forth the confession, "Truly this was the *Son of God!*"

The reader will remember that at the time of his conversion Weaver lived at Biddulph, in Staffordshire, a few miles from Congleton. His first visit to Biddulph after his conversion was at this time. He spent the last week in March among his old companions, a living witness to them of what the grace of God could do. He began his labors there on the Sabbath. The chapel, which was crowded in the morning, at night was crammed long before the appointed time, and some thousands of people filled the road outside, so that a wagon was procured, and he preached in the field opposite. At the close a number of anxious ones assembled in the chapel, and one of the first who came forward seeking salvation was the widow of his brother Thomas, who was killed in the coal-pit. She and many others found peace that night. In the afternoon there was an experience meeting, at which the last who spoke was Mrs. Weaver, whose sweet words, spoken with much feeling, are added here to give some idea of the kind of wife the Lord God provided for his servant. "I feel," she said, "thankful to stand up and bear my testimony. I am nothing, but Christ is all in all. Glory be to God for

ever, he has kept me fifteen years, and he can keep me to the end. A dear companion who set out with me is now in heaven. She said when dying, 'There's light in the valley.' Ay, friends, it's good to have light in the valley when we come to die. Let us hold fast living grace, and he will give us dying grace. Let us live a day at a time. I've been glad to hear these dear young ones tell what the Lord has done for them: May God ever keep them; and keep my dear husband. I will bear him up when he is far away from me."

On Good Friday Richard preached to two or three thousand people in the sand-pit, in which nine years before he had wrestled with God, until the Sun of Righteousness dawned upon his soul; and the same evening in another sand-pit he addressed a similar assembly.

This was a week of deep interest, as numbers of those who had known him in the days of his ungodliness thronged to hear him, and many of his old companions and others were converted to God. On the evening of his first Sunday at Biddulph he spoke to a group of colliers with whom he had been accustomed to work, and one of them

replied, consenting to what he said. This poor man told his wife the following morning to get ready to go to chapel with him at night; but before the day was over he was killed in the pit, and brought home dead. On that day week a man, who had been a backslider, fell dead as he was going to the meeting at Withington, where he had heard Weaver preach three times the day before. These events greatly solemnized the people; and a work of awakening and conversion was very general through the whole neighborhood.

In April Richard returned to Dublin, where, as everywhere else, the common people heard him gladly. Night after night the Metropolitan Hall was crowded with persons of all ranks in life and all varieties of creed; and at each of the meetings for inquirers, held after the preaching, there were a number under deep conviction, many of whom found peace before they left. Among those whom we believe to have been savingly converted were many Romanists, who found in Jesus the Son of God a Great High Priest, and in God the Father a Confessor, whom they joyfully received in the stead of the shadowy deformities with which

the "mother of harlots and abominations of the earth" had before deceived them.

To the God of all grace we commend him, asking of the Christian reader this kindness, to pray for him.

THE END.



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The converted caller :

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